ÉDITION DE LUXE



# THE CRAPHIC.

AN

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NEWSPAPER.



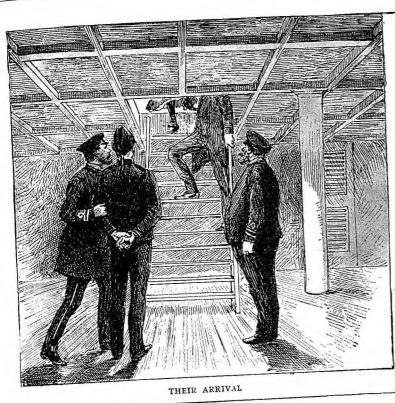
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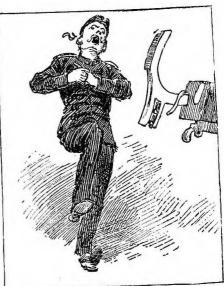
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THE GUNNERY LIEUTENANT SHOWS THAT THE MECHANISM OF A BREECH-LOADING GUN IS SO PERFECT THAT A CHILD COULD OPEN THE BREECH



THE MARINE OFFICER JAMS HIS FINGER IN EXPLAINING THE ACTION OF THE QUICK-FIRING CANNON





THE LADIES' ENJOYMENT IS MARRED BY FINDING THAT FRESH PAINT IS ADHESIVE



BUT THEIR AMIABILITY IS RESTORED BY THE ATTENTION WITH WHICH WE TRY TO REMOVE THE STAINS

RADICAL DISUNION.—The Liberal Unionists are constantly blamed for what is called their disloyalty to their former political chief. After the events of the last ten days it will not be very easy for those Radicals who have any respect for logic to go on repeating this accusation. They will of course say that fidelity to conviction made it necessary for them to break away from Mr. Gladstone on the subject of the Royal Grants; and no doubt this is perfectly true. But cannot Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain say precisely the same thing with regard to Home Rule? The only difference between the two cases is that the question which led to the revolt of the Liberal Unionists is infinitely more important than that which has induced Mr. Morley, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Labouchere to assert their independence. The new Dissentient Liberals are never tired of proclaiming that, notwithstanding their votes on this occasion, Mr. Gladstone's position as the leader of the Liberal party will be in no way changed. This, however, is by no means certain. It used to be thought that he exercised almost absolute authority over his followers; but now it has been shown that there are very decided limits to his influence, and that the Gladstonian party includes elements which might easily become, to some extent, mutually hostile. If even Mr. Gladstone cannot hope under all circumstances to maintain Radical unity, it is hardly possible to avoid speculating as to the probable course of events when the time comes for the selection of his successor. Which of the Radicals is likely to be powerful enough to undertake the task which the most famous of living English statesmen finds too difficult for him? It cannot be seriously thought that Mr. Labouchere is the future Radical leader; and there is not much evidence that the party, as a whole, could be dominated either by Sir William Harcourt or by Mr. Morley. It seems not improbable that the Radicals have before them a time of considerable confusion, and that the Conservatives will profit largely by their dissensions.

THE CHURCHILL PROGRAMME. There is no fear of politics becoming stagnant so long as Lord Randolph Churchill is to the fore. His present outburst in the Midlands has awakened the public once more to the fact that he is a force which no party can afford to overlook. Erratic, unstable, inconsistent, undisciplined as he is, he possesses two gifts of great price. People eagerly listen to what he says, whatever be the subject and however eccentric its treatment, while even his wildest excesses do not sensibly detract from his popularity. Just now, Conservatives are gnashing their teeth at him and proclaiming him a renegade for his plunge into Socialistic Radicalism at Walsall. It certainly is a very "advanced" programme that he calls upon Tories to adopt; the sort of scheme that Mr. Chamberlain used to fling about in the days when he was prolific of "unauthorised" set-pieces. But precious as such a recruit as Lord Randolph would be to the "New Radicals," they do not display any exuberance of joy at his conversion to their tenets. Who is to trust a statesman whose greatest delight it is, apparently, always to make to day contradict yesterday? There lies Lord Randolph's abiding sin; like Dame Quickly, you never know where to have Sometimes he enunciates sentiments and principles which win the approval even of high-and-dry-Tories; scarcely have the echoes died out of the air when-hey, presto! Conservatism gives place to Radicalism, and the stern upholder of the Constitution hits away, like a very Samson, at its pillars. And so this brilliantly-gifted and popular young man soars like a comet through the political skies, friendless and forlorn among the immutable stars.

ATTITUDE OF THE PARNELLITES .--The almost unanimous vote given by the Irish Nationalist party against the two successive amendments brought forward respectively by Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Morley on the Royal Grants question is surely a noteworthy phenomenon. Only a few weeks ago any politician would have confidently prophesied that, in answer to such a proposal, the Parnellites would have voted solid against the Government. Still more remarkable, perhaps, is the fact that the Press, as a whole, has been remarkably chary in its comments on this incident. The reason, however, for this reticence is not far to seek. Conservative organs, naturally, have no desire to say uncivil things of opponents who, usually irreconcilable, have on this occasion gone into the Government lobby for the avowed purpose of strengthening the Monarchy. Radical organs, on the other hand, feel obliged to speak very cautiously, fearing to offend a party which is in most other matters in close alliance with themselves, and therefore they speak of the vote as a trifling aberration from the right path, given by the Parnellites as a personal tribute of gratitude to Mr. Gladstone for his signal services to the cause of Home Rule. Certainly the incident indicates how well disciplined are the Irish Nationalists. They march like a regiment. What the colonel orders, the men execute. On the first amendment Mr. T. P. O'Connor was the only defaulter. In his case, probably, the claims even of Irish Nationalism are temporarily overridden by the exigencies of his position as a London Radical editor. On the second amendment there was a slight increase in the number of defaulters. Mr. Biggar is probably a law unto himself; otherwise it would be interesting to speculate why, with two amendments before him as like as two peas, he refused the one and accepted the other. But it would be more useful to know why Mr. Parnell, who is nothing if not cool and calculating, decided on this step. The most obvious explanation is that he wished to show that a man need not cease to be loyal to the Crown because he is a Home Ruler.

GENERAL BOULANGER'S DISAPPOINTMENT.—It is too early to assume that because General Boulanger has not succeeded in the cantonal elections he will therefore fail in the General Election. The conditions will be widely different when an appeal on broad political issues is made to the country. At the same time, it is hard to believe that if General Boulanger had been as popular as he was some months ago he would have received so decided a rebuff from the cantons. The ground selected for a fight was of his own choosing, and he is too astute not to see that a considerable impression will probably be produced by the result. There can be little doubt that the vigour with which the Government have proceeded against him has done something to lessen his influence, for Frenchmen always have much more respect for authorities that know how to defend the system they represent than for timid rulers. The brilliant success of the Exhibition must also be taken into account, and it may be that a certain proportion of the electors have been reflecting whether the Republic, after all, is not at least as suitable for the country as a Dictatorship. Whatever may be the causes that have been at work, it is to be hoped that they will go on operating in the same direction, and that they will be reinforced by other influences of a like tendency. The Republic has undoubtedly been in some respects a failure, but it is capable of improvement, and the question whether it shall or shall not be made more effective is one that depends wholly upon the will of the people themselves. The establishment of a Dictatorship, on the other hand, would simply be the first step towards far more formidable difficulties than any that have been created by the incompetence of Republican leaders. It would open the door for all sorts of intrigues, and, sooner or later, would inevitably lead to fresh revolutionary movements.

THE NAVAL REVIEW .- The present display of our maritime strength at Spithead is not to be considered a mere promenade. It is an "inspection;" in other words, a muster of forces which would really be available for defence at short notice. The fleet is growing in dimensions, and the Admiralty rightly thinks that there should be a sort of formal stock-taking, once a year, to convince the British nation-and perhaps other nations-that Britannia still rules the waves. It is a good idea in its way; we know from the condition of the French Army at the outbreak of the war with Germany that a fighting force on paper is sometimes very different to its combative capacity. These naval reviews, or inspections, or whatever they may be called, certainly bring together a large number of huge war ships. But, without farther test, it is impossible to say whether the whole are efficient for active service. Stories have been told before now of mighty ironclads making a brave show with half their big guns on the sick list. It is also rumoured that crews are occasionally brought up to full strength by all manner of shifty devices. It would be well, therefore, if, after the annual inspection, the assembled craft were submitted to such drastic tests as would set at rest all doubts about their efficiency. The young German Emperor will probably be filled with admiration by the grand spectacle. But he has with him some naval officers of no little experience, and their sharp eyes may be depended upon to spy out imperfections, however skilfully concealed. It is, however, more for the satisfaction of the British public than for that of foreign critics that the Admiralty should make these annual demonstrations the means of gauging the real effective strength of the First Line.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL. The protest of the thirty dissentient members has called forth a large amount of correspondence, and the total effect of this correspondence is to make fair-minded persons feel that here, as in everything else, there is a good deal to be said on the other side. Especially we would call attention to the letter of Mr. C. L. Lewes, which puts the case of the majority in a sensible and reasonable way. As he says, it is unjust to judge of the Council by its Tuesday debates only. These discussions, after all, only occupy a few hours of each week; the real work of the Council-and very onerous work it is-is done in the Committees. Then, as the Council is armed with large spending powers, it is not so absurd as some would have it appear that it should endeavour to discover the fairest way of obtaining the requisite funds. If it can be shown that ground-landlords and other wealthy proprietors have hitherto escaped their just share of taxation, surely the municipal representatives of London ought to press the fact on Parliament, which always needs a deal of pressure to make it set to work on useful remedial legislation. With Mr. Lewes's remarks on what we may call the "Speak

hup" charges we cord ally agree, and the people who make such charges are really vulgarer creatures than the councillors who occasionally murder the Queen's English. Without doubt, a good deal of the prejudice existing against the County Council arises from the fact that it is far more Radical than would have been expected from the prevailing colours worn by the metropolitan representatives in Parliament. The reason for this is that the electors have various grievances which they wish to see remedied, and they think (perhaps wrongly) that men of pronounced Radical opinions are more likely to obtain these reforms than representatives whose political views necessarily coincide with the interests of the richer classes.

A FRANCO-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE.--This week a rumour has been set afloat that France and Russia have arrived at some sort of understanding which will soon lead to the formation of a Treaty of Alliance. Probably the majority of Frenchmen would not be unwilling to sanction such a compact. For many years successive French Governments have missed no opportunity of cultivating the goodwill of the Czar, and in the current number of the New Review M. Flourens goes so far as to speak of Russia as having accepted towards France "the mission of a protector." We may doubt whether, under existing circumstances, Russia would even dream of trying to realise the ideal after which so many French politicians have a hankering. In the first place, what solid guarantee could the Czar have that a Franco-Russian alliance would be trustworthy? He may know the sentiments of the dominant Republican party, but who can tell how long their power will last, or what would be the policy of France if she changed her system of Government? There is another and still deeper cause that will make him, we may be sure, hesitate for many a day before entering into more intimate relations with the Republic. Suppose Germany were defeated in a war with France and Russia, the result would be that France, as well as Russia, would receive an enormous accession of power. That is, political and social ideas, which are in all respects the opposite of those of the Russian ruling classes, would become immensely more important in Europe than they are to-day; and Russia would find that in France she had a more dangerous rival than she has now either in Germany or in Austria. The Russian Government is, before all things, a despotic Government, and at bottom it can have little real sympathy with a country in which even candidates for a Dictatorship are obliged to profess respect for democratic traditions and principles.

LONDON HOSPITALS .-- Not before it was time, the Government has pledged itself to take into consideration the whole question of the London Hospitals and their management. The able speech from Lord Sandhurst which extracted this Ministerial promise showed conclusively that ample room exists for searching inquiry. It is undoubtedly the case that the multiplication of "special" hospitals during recent years has seriously diminished the incomes of the older institutions. This is a grave matter in itself, but it becomes graver still if it be true that the "special" hospitals are prone to extravagance. Sir Andrew Clarke's fancy sketch of the "Hospital for the Treatment of the Diseases of the Great Toe" has a good deal of truth at the back of its irony. There are in London, it is to be feared, hospitals which owe their origin mainly to the desire of pushing medical men to secure a standing advertisement of their skill. And when that is the raison d'être of a hospital or of any other institution, it would be vain to expect ecomomical management. The chief fault lies, of course, with the public. with the public. Having taken up with the idea that complaints and diseases a little out of the common run are beyond the skill of ordinary medical men, they jump at the proposal of any scheming specialist to establish a for the treatment of one class of cases or another. And so the multiplication of such places goes on every year, while the general hospitals, where all the ills that flesh is heir to are scientifically dealt with, have to close their wards for lack of funds to keep them open. It is not easy to see what the Government can do to stop this state of things, but even the knowledge that it hopes to do something may produce a beneficial effect for a time.

COLDBATH FIELDS.—The enormous extension of London during the last century is illustrated by the fact that when Coldbath Fields Prison was built in 1794 it was on the outskirts of the town, and, a few villages excepted, there was nothing beyond it northwards but green fields. Now it is almost in the centre of London, and one must trudge some three miles in a northerly direction before reaching anything which deserves to be called "truly rural." Owing to the removal of the prison, the site has been for some time past vacant, and it was hoped, especially as Clerkenwell is a very crowded district in which open spaces are almost non-existent, that the Government would have permitted this site to be used as a recreation ground. There was the more reason for this course as the Housing of the Poor Commission, on which, among others, Lord Salisbury and Mr. Goschen sat, had expressly recommended that such vacant sites should be conveyed to the local authorities for the purpose of erecting working-class dwellings. But nothe Government, who were so eager to act liberally towards

the Queen's grandchildren, in this matter assumed an adamantine front, and talked the severest political economy. They wanted the site for extending the Post office, and they could not sanction such a wanton sacrifice of public money. Unfortunately, too, the Government will of public way, for the opponents of the Bill could only muster a miserable minority of fifty-seven. The smallness of the vote is no doubt due to the fact that provincial members are jealous of metropolitan privileges. They have memora successfully objected to the maintenance of the Royal Parks in London out of the State revenues, and they allege that if Clerkenwell wants an open space, the country at large ought not to pay the cost. This argument is quite just in ordinary cases, but it would appear that this particular piece of ground was originally bought and paid for by the County of Middlesex.

RESEARCHES IN CYPRUS. --- Most persons interested in archeological study are aware that important explorations were lately carried on in Cyprus. A fund was collected for the purpose, and the results in some respects surpassed the expectations of those by whom the movement was started. It is now proposed that these researches should be renewed, and it has been decided that, if possible, the site of the ancient city of Salamis shall be thoroughly investigated. This was at one time by far the most important city in the island. According to old traditions, it was founded by Teucer; and it is certain that it existed in the eighth century B.C., and that, whether originally Hellenic or not, it was in the end wholly dominated by Hellenic influences. It had a great Temple of Zeus, and maintained its position as the chief centre of civilisation in Cyprus until a late period in the history of the Byzantine Empire. Already many treasures have been found in the neighbourhood, and there can be little doubt that a series of vigorous and well-conducted researches would be richly rewarded. Unfortunately, the money that was in the hands of the Committee of the Cyprus Exploration Fund has been nearly all spent; and, unless more is subscribed, the present scheme will have to be abandoned. Mr. Sidney Colvin, the Chairman of the Committee, has appealed to the educated public to provide the necessary sum, and we may hope that his appeal will be successful. Operations might soon be begun if 1,000% were placed at the Committee's disposal. Germany, France, and America have recently been doing much excellent work of this kind, and England ought not to be behind these or any other countries in the effort to bring to light such artistic remains of the ancient world as still exist. The best of the treasures recovered by the agents of the Committee go to the British Museum, so that any one who associates himself with the undertaking has the satisfaction of knowing that what he does is for the public good. Subscriptions may be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. Walter Leaf, at Old Change, London, E.C.; or to the account of the Cyprus Exploration Fund at Messrs. Robarts, Lubbock, and Co., Lombard Street, E.C.

PARACHUTE ACCIDENTS .--- If it were not for the de moralisation of public feeling consequent upon such exhibitions, there would be no reason for interfering with the evolutions of parachutists. But is there not a little sweet unreasonableness in prohibiting men from endangering their lives in prize-fights, while permitting the infinitely more perilous performance of a descent from the skies? In both cases it is the chance of gain that tempts the performers; in both, too, the sensation-loving section of the public is mainly attracted by the element of danger. As for science or skill, there is not a bit more in the one exhibition than in the other, nor is there any difference as regards pluck. But in our wisdom we sternly suppress prize-fighting because it tends to lower the morale of the nation, whereas we sanction the other, and equally brutalising, display of fool-hardiness, on the pretence that, if the parachutist likes to risk his life, that is his own affair. A flabby excuse: the real reason is that, while the classes as well as the masses crowd to see a Baldwin or a Higgins, only the baser sort put in an appearance when the Game Chicken tries conclusions with the Nonpareil. By and by, perhaps, Society may vote parachutism vulgar, and then we may expect it to be placed under legal taboo. In the mean while it would be a distinct gain to civilisation if the enterprising promoters of this sensation were to see to the safety of all appliances. For one thing, no balloons should be used but such as are adapted to make aerial voyages either with or without parachute attachments. That would diminish the danger of death to some extent.

REVOLVERS AGAIN. This is a subject about which we are weary of writing, but as every week brings a fresh catalogue of tragedies arising from the use of this weapon, we are constrained to go on. Even at this late hour of the Session the Government could, if they pleased, find time to Pass a short Bill restricting the possession and sale of revolvers. We may venture to say that every judge on the bench, and every magistrate and coroner before whom cases of revolver-homicide have been investigated, concurs in the view that some restraint should be placed on the possession of revolvers. Only on Tuesday last, at Winchester, Mr. Justice Denman expressed himself strongly to this effect. How is it that nothing is done? In 1882, after the Phoenix

Park murders, Parliament passed a Crimes' Act with marvellous celerity. Why cannot Parliament show some of this vigour now, when the number of murders, attempted murders, and suicides, by the use of this abominable weapon, amount to some hundreds every year? Our contention is what it has always been. The revolver is not needed as an implement of sport, and in a thickly-populated country it is useless for purposes of defence. But on the other hand, it is a most convenient instrument of destruction in the hands of a person crazy with drink or a desire for revenge. If revolvers were unattainable, such an atrocity as that which took place at Kilburn last Sunday would in all probability never have occurred. In such cases it is opportunity which makes the murderer.

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AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

BRIGHTON and SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—The availability of Ordinary Return Tickets to and from the Seaside, &c., will be extended as usual over the Yugust Bunk Holiday, and this will also include the Special Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday to the Paris Exhibition by the picturesque route via Dieppe and Rouen will be run from London by the Night Express Service.

Special Saturday to Tuesday Tickets will also be issued from London to Brighton. On Sunday and Monday Day Trips at Special Excursion Fares will be run to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells, Lewes, Newhaven, Eastbourne, Beskill, St. Leonards, and Hastings.

For the Crystal Palace Holiday Entertainments on Monday extra trains will be run to and from London as required by the traffic.

The Brighton Company announce that their West End Offices—28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square—will remain open until too p.m. on the evening of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday for the sale of the Special Cheap Tickets and Ordinary Tickets to all parts of the Line at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.

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Tickets at the same fares are also issued every Saturday from all other principal Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway by all Ordinary Trains to Newhaven in time to connect with the above Service.

BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY, August 3rd, from Victoria 8.25 a.m. and 2 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington (Addison Road) 8.10 a.m. and 1.30 p.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; from London Bridge 8.30 a.m. and 2.15 p.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon. Returning Tuesday, August 6th, by certain Evening Trains only. Fare—Third Class, Five Shillings.

BANK HOLIDAY, AUG. 5th.—CHEAP DAY EXCURS: ONS from London. To Brighton, Lewes, Newhaven, Eastbourne, St. Leonards, Hastings, Worthing, Havant, Portsmouth. Southsea, Isle of Wight, &c.

CRYSTAL PALACE. — FREQUENT TRAINS DIRECT to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge, New Cross, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), Clapham Junction, &c., as required by the Traffic.

BRIGHTON RACES, AUGUST 6th, 7th, and 8th.
LEWES RACES, AUGUST 9th and 10th.

SPECIAL FAST TRAINS.—From London Bridge and
Victoria.—Cheap Day Return Tickets.—From Hastings, Eastbourne, Tunbridge
Wells, and intermediate Stations, to Brighton and Lewes Races, also from Portsmouth, Chichester, Horsham, &c., to Brighton Races only.
Frequent extra Trains from Brighton to Lewes Races.

FOR full particulars, see Time Book and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End General Offices, as Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and S. Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's, 142, Strand.

Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's, 142, Strand.

(By Order)



# LADIES' VISIT TO AN IRONCLAD

LADIES' VISIT TO AN IRONCLAD

THESE illustrations, which are from sketches by Captain Maclurian, Royal Marines, are intended to depict the visit of some ladies on board a man-of-war, and the consequent tour of inspection. Petticoats always have an exciting effect upon Jack, and here the first sketch shows the pair of legs belonging to them in the act of descending to the main deck. Then the Gunnery Lieutenant shows that the mechanism of a breech-loading gun is so perfect that a child could open the breech. This, of course, is, as Artemus Ward says, "wrote sarcastic," for in reality he has to give a tremendous wrench in order to effect his object. In fact, this peripatetic lecture to the fair visitors is not unaccompanied with perils, for the marine officer jams his finger in explaining the action of the quick-firing cannon; while the doctor is hurled headlong while in the act of assuring the ladies that a man with a broken leg could easily get into a swinging cot. Then the ladies themselves have some of their enjoyment marred by the discovery when they once more reach the deck that fresh paint is adhesive. Their amiability, however, is somewhat restored by the zeal which the officers display in their endeavours to remove the same.

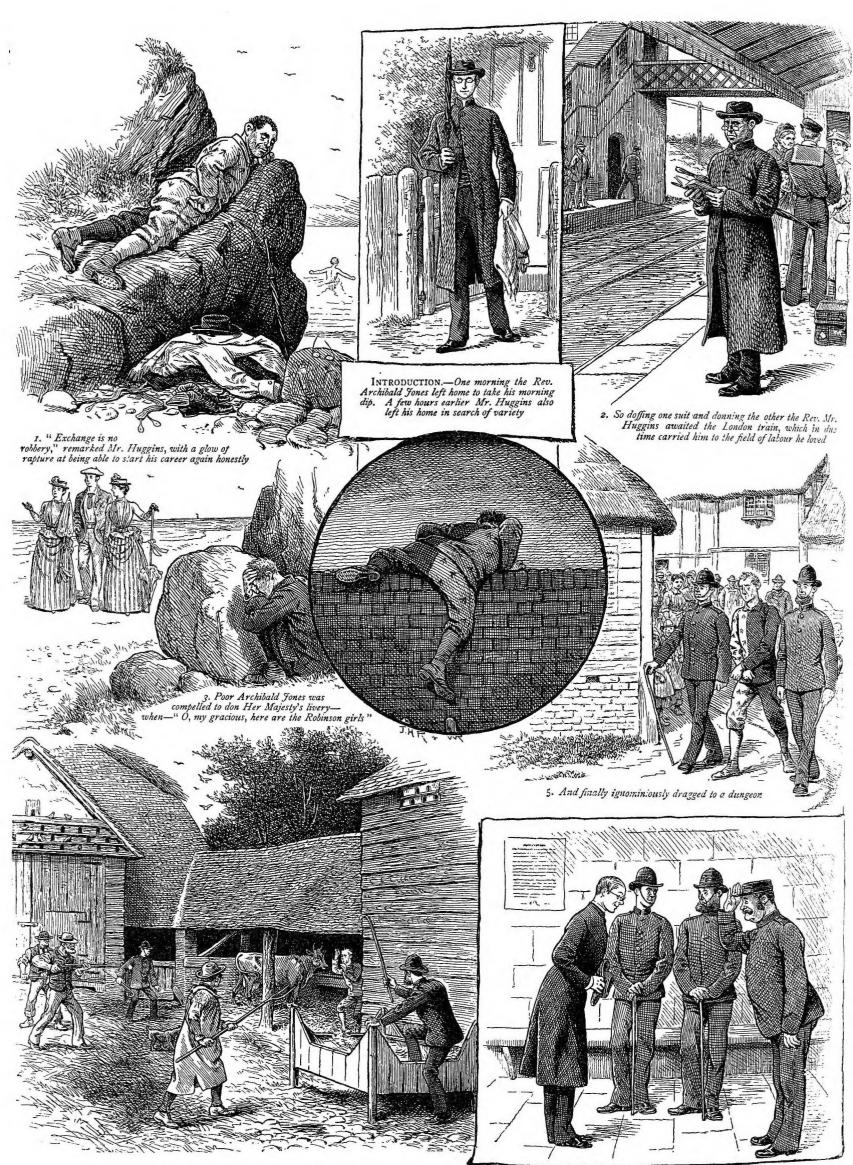
# STRANGE ADVENTURES OF THE REV. ARCHIBALD JONES

JONES

It is not a pleasant thing to have one's clothes stolen while bathing, but, perhaps, it is almost worse to find them replaced by those of a convict who has just escaped from custody. This was the dilemma in which the Rev. Archibald Jones found himself, and as he had recently, to satisfy the scruples of his somewhat exacting Bishop, sacrificed his moustache, his identity was not easily recognisable until some time had elapsed. Further particulars will be found in the sub-titles. We may add that the series of incidents here depicted actually occurred some time since in the Isle of Wight.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. J. H. Roberts, 2, Marlborough Crescent, Bedford Park.

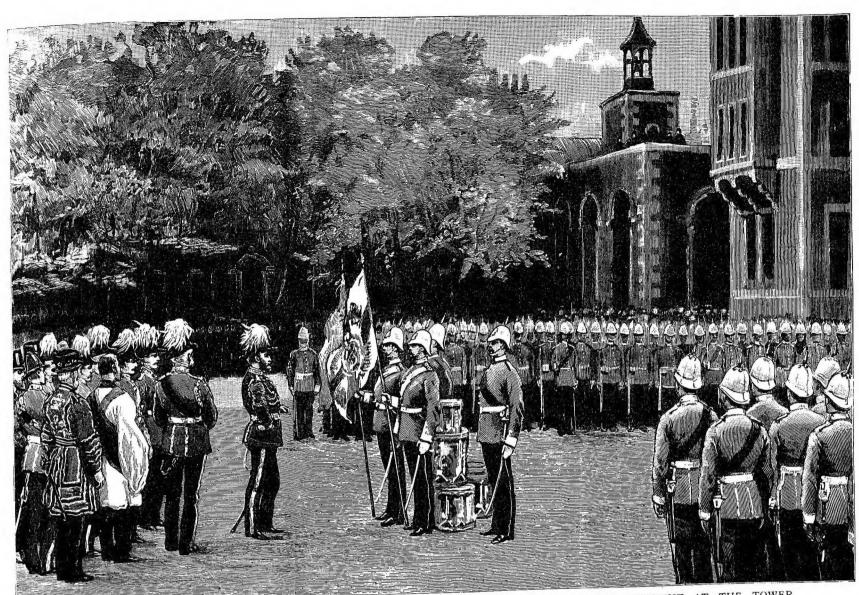
# PRESENTATION OF COLOURS BY THE PRINCE OF WALES

THERE was a very large gathering at the Tower of London on the afternoon of July 23rd to witness the presentation of new Colours to one of the most distinguished corps in the British Army, the old 48th, now the Northamptonshire Regiment, the first battalion of which has been for a short time in garrison at the Tower. The Parade ground on the north side of the White Tower presented a very animated appearance when at 3 P.M. the Prince of Wales, with the Duke of Cambridge, both wearing Field-Marshal's uniform, arrived, and took their places (Lord Napier of Magdala, the Constable of the Tower, standing by their side) on a red dais the Constable of the Tower, standing by their side) on a red dais faing the barracks. The Royal party was attended by a body of "Beef-Eaters." The old Colours, surmounted with laurel wreaths, "Beef-Eaters." The old Colours, surmounted with laurel wreaths, were then taken down the Parade, and saluted by the Prince and the rest of the company. They were hanging in mere shreds, and will ultimately be deposited in St. Sepulchre's, Northampton, the regimental church of the depôt. Then the drums were piled in the centre, the new Colours laid upon them, the Chaplain of the Forces offered prayer, and the whole regiment sang the hymn "Onward, Christian Soldiers." After this the new Queen's Colour and the new Regimental Colour were successively presented to the and the new Regimental Colour were successively presented to the two standard-bearers, who received them kneeling on one knee. Lastly, after a speech by the Prince, and a reply by Colonel Wilson, the proceedings wound up with a march-past in quick



... Trying to reach home he was discovered, chased, brought to bay

6. When all was explained, to the disgust of Constable 1 and Constable 2, whose hope of reward faded away like a beautiful dream



THE PRINCE OF WALES PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE REGIMENT AT THE TOWER



THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE MR. GLADSTONE RECEIVING THE COMMEMORATIVE ALBUM AT THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB

# MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE'S GOLDEN WEDDING

THE actual anniversary of this happy event was Thursday, THE actual anniversary of this happy event was Thursday, July 25th, when a host of congratulatory messages and gifts were received from well-wishers in all parts of the United Kingdom and elsewhere. Messages were sent by the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the King of the Belgians. Mr. Gladstone, always an early riser (a habit which is no doubt one of the chief causes of his healthy longevity), went to early morning prayers at St. Peter's, Buckingham Gate, and then returned home to preside at the anniversary wedding breakfast, at which only members of his own family were present. There were two absentees, Mrs. Drew and Mr. W. H. Gladstone, who has not yet recovered from his severe illness. The Rev. Stephen Gladstone read prayers, and then the family together Gladstone, who has not yet recovered from his severe illness. The Rev. Stephen Gladstone read prayers, and then the family together celebrated the wedding of fifty years ago. After this many callers and presents arrived. Among the latter was a picture, by Sir John Millais, representing the venerable statesman sitting in an armchair with his arm round his grandson, William Charles Glynne, son of Mr. W. H. Gladstone. In the afternoon some working men from Bolton presented Mrs. Gladstone with an ornamental quilt and a set of toilet covers, eliciting in return a speech in praise of Free Trade.

On the following day. Friday, there was a large gathering of

of Free Trade.

On the following day, Friday, there was a large gathering of members and friends at the National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, to offer their personal congratulations to Mr. and Mrs Gladstone. The club-rooms were beautifully decorated with flowers. stone. The club-rooms were beautifully decorated with flowers. The honoured bride and bridegroom arrived at 9.15. P.M., and were received by the members of the Reception Committee, of which Lord Oxenbridge was chairman. They were first taken to inspect the Commemoration Album, to which pictures illustrating passages in the life and surroundings of Mr. Gladstone have been contributed by Mr. Marcus Stone, Mr. MacWhirter, Mr. Alfred Parsons, and other artists. Then Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were conducted to the platform, and after a congratulatory address from Lord Oxenbridge, Mr. Gladstone made an interesting and affecting reply, from which we extract the following passage:—
"I feel myself to be, as it were, drowned in an ocean of kindness. I am deeply gratified; but I am in no small degree ashamed of the kindly interest which my countrymen have shown in the arrival of this anniversary. When I speak of my wife, when I acknowledge that there is greater justice in the tributes that you have paid to her, I then enjoy a relative and comparative freedom, and no words that I could use would ever suffice to express the debt that I owe to her in then enjoy a relative and comparative freedom, and no words that I could use would ever suffice to express the debt that I owe to her in relation to all the offices that she has discharged on my behalf, and on the behalf of those who are nearest and dearest to us during the long and happy period of our conjugal union."

The distinguished guests were then conducted through the principal rooms of the Club, and left shortly before II P.M. for the House of Commons, amidst the cheers of a large crowd which had assembled outside.

assembled outside.

#### THE WORK OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN

PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN

One of the newest and most successful of our English philanthropical institutions is the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The picture, "The Queen's Prisoners," drawn by our artist from life, is of one of the daily scenes at its shelter door. The three little folks in it are law-breakers. They were taken up by the police under the Vagrancy Act for begging, and brought before the Bow Street magistrate, by whom they were remanded for a week to the Society's care. Such cases are all now sent to it, for it to find out who is the really guilty party; the children are obeying somebody. The youngest is a very pretty child, she had learnt to say, "If you please, give me some money, mother is starving." "God bless your pretty face," people said, and gave to her. The two right-hand figures are sisters who made eight to ten shillings per day. Yet were they starved to make their prettiness pathetic enough to catch the people who went by. The woman who had them, watched them, placing herself at a distance, and conveyed what they got, as they got it, to a public-house, to others with whom she went. They are now off back again to Bow Street, where the woman was sent to prison. They have since then gone to the Princess Mary's Home. The child on-the left was restored to her mother, who was not punished "this time." Through the new orders of the Chief Commissioner of Police this Society now deals with all little begging children. "The Baby Room" gives a view of another of the many departments of the Society's work. The four children are from a baby farm; with three others, they were taken from a twelve-feet square room. They were found almost absolutely naked, blue with cold, and famine-stricken, and their frail lives were insured. Money had been paid down with them for good and all; they were not wanted, and ought not to have been born. Their death would be an advantage to everybody concerned, so, in this wretched den, sitting in their own filth, they were left slowly ONE of the newest and most successful of our English philanof dolls—one had curved spine, one bronchitis, and all were mere, shrivelled, skin-covered skeletons. One of the seven could not be recovered; it died. Two have been suitably adopted, and the others are now sufficiently recovered to be placed in homes. Some idea of the magnitude of the work of this young Society may be gained from the fact that in its brief but vigorous existence, it, has sent 200 torturers of children to prison for periods varying from one sent 200 torturers of children to prison for periods varying from one month to fifteen years' penal servitude; having spent in the doing of it, and in necessary detective work, between 8,000.1 and 9,000.1 It is now extending its work to the nation, and needs 10,000.1 year. The best-known of the names connected with it is that of the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, its founder and director. Its office (at which our pictures were taken) is 7, Harpur Street, Bloomsbury, W.C. It is this Society which is promoting the Bill for the Better Prevention of Cruelty to Children (the title has since been altered to the "Better Protection of Children") now before the House of Lords.

### "THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

A NEW serial story, by William Black, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 133.

#### PAY-DAY IN THE NAVY

THE men fall in in companies, and the Assistant-Paymaster calls out the sum due to each man as he passes the table. Occasionally out the sum due to each man as he passes the table. Occasionally the payment is made on deck. Sometimes, as a man goes past, the others sing out "Not entitled," and he gets nothing. That means he has had a lot of "slops" (clothing), or is under stoppages. The following shows the rates of pay for the different grades:—
15. 7d. a day continuous service; 1s. 4d. non-continuous; a leading seaman gets 2d. more; a leading stoker gets 2s. 5d. a day; private (R.M.L.I.), 1s. 2d.; bombardier (R.M.A.), 2s. 6d.; colour-serveant. 4s.

#### ON BOARD A TROOPSHIP :- SERVING OUT GRATUITOUS WARM CLOTHING TO WOMEN AND CHILDREN

AMONGST those brought home in Her Majesty's Indian troopships from India, one is sure to find either the non-commissioned officer or private with his wife and family, or the pensioned sergeant

widower with his children, or—far more sad—the poor widow returning to her native land with her wee ones, whose father has been killed, or died from the effects of the Indian climate. One of the kindest and most praiseworthy of charities is that done by the kindest and most praiseworthy of charities is that done by English ladies in India, who provide and make clothes for the wives and children of the troops returning in the winter months to England.—Our engraving, which is from a sketch by Mr. Fred. W. J. Airey, of H.M.S. Crocodile, Portsmouth, represents a sad case which happened only recently, as the ship got into cold weather, which a poor widow receiving the benefits of the charitable work, in the way of frocks, coats, and wraps for herself and her poor little fatherless children. fatherless children.

# THE DEMON PHOTOGRAPHER ON BOARD SHIP

THE professional photographer nowadays is a ubiquitous animal, but nowhere does he come more to the front than on the "briny wave." Although he photographs every event of the slightest public importance, he has an especial fancy for ships and sailors. A vessel is scarcely in dock before he appears with his camera, and when she goes out of harbour he is seen ruching from point to point taking scarcely in dock before he appears with his camera, and when she goes out of harbour he is seen rushing from point to point, taking her in every possible position. When he comes on board, and has obtained permission to photograph the officers, he sets up his camera, "takes charge," as the nautical saying is, of the whole place, and finishes by insisting on every sitter purchasing two or three copies. This the sitters usually do, being in high good humour at having at last finished the ordeal of being "grouped," and cramped in various uncomfortable positions for the best part of half an hour. As the photographer also disposes of a large number half an hour. As the photographer also disposes of a large number on shore, he certainly "goes to windward" by the transaction.—Our engravings are from sketches by an officer on board an ironclad at Spithead.

#### TEN LITTLE TORPEDO-BOATS, AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM

This is an illustrated satirical ballad, set to the tune of the once-popular melody "Ten Little Niggers." Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. B. Fisher, 16, Norfolk Street, Park Lane, and the successive disasters which reduce the number of the boats until they have all vanished are sufficiently explained in the appended titles. We hope the Admiralty will take care that the incidents here depicted are not transferred from the domain of fancy to that of fact

#### EMPEROR WILLIAM II.

See pp. 142 et segq.

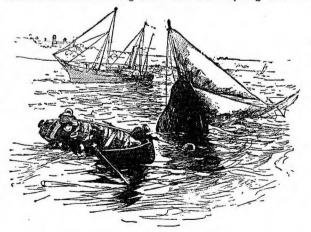
Our portraits are from photographs as follows:—Count Waldersee, by Schnaebeli, 20, Unter den Linden, Berlin; Count Bismarck, by Loescher and Petsch, 132, Leipziger Strasse, Berlin; Admiral Goltz, by Höffert, 12, Leipziger Platz, Berlin; H.E. Von Liebenau, by Selle and Kuntze, 14, Schwertfeger Strasse, Potsdam; General Verdy du Vernois, by Gottlieb, Königsberg; Baron von Heintze, by Encke, 125, Potsdammer Strasse, Berlin; Count Wedel, by Wallich, 9, Neue Wilhelm Strasse, Berlin; and Professor Leuthold, by Prümm, 51, Unter den Linden, Berlin.

#### HOUSE-BOAT LIFE IN CHINA

SHOOTING parties often go away for days in these boats, navigating the numerous canals, rivers, and creeks, and stopping from time to time at likely places for game—chiefly snipe or pheasants. The soldiers in China frequently carry a sort of threepronged fork, which accounts for its appearance in one of our sketches. The water-buffalo, largely used by the people for ploughing, &c., are The water-buildio, largely used by the people for ploughing, &c., are often aggressive; and some caution is required when shooting, as firing at them would of course lead to trouble with the natives, and they are not easily repulsed. The whole Chinese family live in a sampan, and manage to accommodate themselves to the limited space in a wonderful way.—Our engravings are from sketches by the Rev. O'D. Ross-Lewin, R.N., H.M.S. Indus.

#### RESCUE OF THE CREW AND PASSENGERS OF THE YACHT "GLEAM"

THIS engraving is from a sketch by Mr. J. W. Haynes, of the Royal Yacht Elfin, and represents the sinking of the cutter yacht Gleam, on July 20th, off Netley, while the Royal Southampton Yacht Club match was being sailed. She was competing with two



others, named the Blue Bell and the Dorothy, when a sudden squall others, handed the Brite Bett and the Dorotty, when a studen squant caused her to capsize and sink in a few minutes. The Elfin was on her passage to Southampton with the Queen's Own Messenger on board, and one of her boats rescued Mr. Clayton, the owner of the Gleam, four of his friends, and the crew, seven in number. The Gleam was subsequently raised, and anchored off Hythe Pier.



-Addressing on Tuesday a Conservative gathering at Shoreditch, the Chief Secretary for Ireland spoke cheerfully and hopefully of the condition of that country. At this moment, Mr. Balfour said, not merely was crime diminished under the working of the Crimes Act, but the diminution of crime had borne fruits of peace and good-will to every class of the community.—Lord Granville made a rather colourless speech at the annual meeting of the City Liberal Club. Mercifully abstaining from threshing the old straw of the Irish Question, he attacked the Sugar Convention, incidentally stating his opinion to be that the present Government "will probably remain in until the day of reckoning for us all—the General Election."—Lord Randolph Churchill began his political visit of this week to the Midlands by making, to a Unionist gathering at Walsall, a remarkably "go-ahead" speech on Social Reform, and on the duty of the Conservative party to promote it. the Crimes Act, but the diminution of crime had borne fruits of

He advocated some sweeping changes in our land system, the prohibition of settlements of land on unborn lives, the abolition of
primogeniture, and the cheapening of land transfer, so as to
multiply the number of owners of land, which would be, he
thought, to strengthen the "real and true" Conservative
party. Then addressing himself to the subject of the housing
acquisition of sites by the local authorities, who might economies
space by erecting on them lofty buildings with hydraulic lifts, and
illuminated by the electric light. The people of a town or district hus
becoming their own landlords, there would be no rack-renting. With
the ground landlords, whom he accused of neglecting their duties becoming their own failures, there would be no fack-rening. With the ground landlords, whom he accused of neglecting their duties, Lord Randolph proposed to deal very summarily, allowing them, as Lord Randolph proposed to deal very summarily, allowing them, as a rule, only three or four years' purchase to compensate them for the expropriation of their property. He next addressed himself to the licensing question, pronouncing in favour of local option, as a means of effecting an immense diminution in the liquor-traffic, but expressing himself in favour of reasonable compensation to the publicans. The fourth, and last, social reform which he advocated was a diminution of the hours of labour, a question on which, with a passing but significant allusion to the eight hours' system of a passing but significant allusion to the eight nours' system of labour in Australia, he thought that the views of the people should be carefully ascertained.—On Tuesday Lord Randolph spoke at Birmingham on foreign affairs and the Irish Question. He predicted a speedy collision between Austria and Russia, and was in favour of the absolute neutrality of this country in any complication. favour of the absolute neutrality of this country in any complica-tions which might arise in Eastern Europe. He was opposed to our occupation of Egypt, because it would entail on us a great expendi-ture of men and money should war break out, because it displeased France and Turkey, and last, not least, because we had to pay for Prince Bismarck's toleration of it by supporting his African Colonial policy, a support which, in the speaker's opinion, had been detrimental to British interests on that continent. In regard to Ireland, he expressed himself dissatisfied with a mere "policy of police," and, while anxious to convert the Irish occupier into at owner, objected to effect the conversion by any scheme which would make the Imperial Government chief landlord in Ireland. He sketched a plan of his own for the advance of a hundred millions of money to buy out the Irish landlords, the security being the produce of the rates to be levied by local bodies in Ireland elected by the people, and acting for the people.

A PUBLIC MEETING, convened and presided over by the Lord Mayor, who addressed it, was held at the Mansion House, on Tuesday, in furtherance of the object of the Patriotic Volunteer Fund. Mr. Stanhope, the Secretary of State for War, expressed his sympathy with the movement, and a resolution appealing to the community to support it, proposed by him, was seconded by the Bishop of London. Another recommending Lords-Lieutenant of counties and Mayors of boroughs to organise throughout the country a movement similar to that of the Mansion House Committee, was proposed by Lord Wantage, and adopted.

AT THE MEETING of the London County Council on Tuesday, the proposed increase of the London Fire Brigade was approved of a motion hostile to it being rejected by a large majority. This was followed by the rejection of another motion condemning the Council's grant of 61,000/. towards the purchase of Brockwell Park. Lord Rosebery, however, having declared that if the Council were to go on contributing one half the purchase-money for open spaces he trembled for the future of its budget, a resolution was adopted to the effect that the Council's contribution of one half of the cost of Brockwell Park was not to be considered a precedent.

DR. TANNER, M.P., was some time ago in a railway carriage at Tipperary Station, when County-Inspector Stevens, in command of a body of police, was passing it. Dr. Tanner, thereupon, exclaimed, "Get out of the way until I spit upon him," and putting his head and shoulders out of the window succeeded in gratifying his ignoble wish. He will, however, have to pay for his little amusement, the Tipperary magistrates having this week sentenced him to a Tipperary magistrates having this week sentenced him to a month's imprisonment, with the unpleasant accompaniment of hard labour. He was refused leave to appeal, and was taken to Clonnel

MI CELLANEOUS.—The Hospital Sunday Fund amounts to 41,000%, being 800% more than the total amount collected last year, while three months have to run before this year's subscription is close. The following are the principal awards to be made:—London Hospital, 3,333%; Middlesex Hospital, 2,031%; St. Mary's London Hospital, 1,875%; Brompton Consumptive Hospital, 1,718%; St. George's Hospital, 1,614%; King's College Hospital, 1,718%; University College Hospital, 1,200%; and Westminster Hospital, 1,093%.—The Education Department of the Privy Council have issued a reassuring order to the effect that the code for 1888 under which grants are now being made shall, until duly altered, continue to regulate them.—The Stuart Exhibition has yielded a surplus of 900%, of which the National Portrait Galleries in London and Edinburgh will receive 250% each, and the Dublin Gallery 100%—Lord Mark Kerr unveiled on Tuesday, at Taunton, a Runic cross, erected as a monument to the officers and men of the Somersetshire Regiment who fell in the Burmese war. Regiment who fell in the Burmese war.

Regiment who fell in the Burmese war.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death in his eightieth year, of Admiral Sir Robert Spencer Robinson, so well known as a frequence contributor to the Times of able letters on naval matters, a Controller of the Navy, 1861-71, a Lord of the Admiralty. 1868-71, and author of a treatise on the steam-engine for marine purposes; in his eighty-ninth year, of Sir George A. Clerk, who, after holding in India and at home a number of important offices, among then the Governorship of Bombay and the Under-Secretaryship for India, was from 1863 to 1876 a member of the Home Council of India; was from 263 to 1876 a member of the Home Council of India; as Brigade-Major in the Third Division; and in his sixty-sevent year, of Mr. George H. L. Wise, Paymaster-in-Chief, Royal Navy.



THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY of the Church of Scotland's Committee on Church interests have formulated an opportune resolution, suggested by Mr. Charles mittee on Church interests have formulated an opportune resolution, suggested by Mr. Gladstone's recent statement that he regards two divisions in the House of Commons in two separate Sessions of Parliament as conclusive proof of the desire of the people of Scotland for the disestablishment of the National Church. The Committee protest against this declaration as entirely inconsistent with Mr. Gladstone's previous declarations, the text of which they quote to the effect that no resolution come to by a consistent with Mr. Gladstone's previous declarations, the text of which they quote, to the effect that no resolution come to by a Parliament not elected on the Church question (and the Parliament which disestablished the Irish Church had, as Mr. Gladstone himself pointed out, been so elected) could be accepted by him as ment which disestablished the Irish Church had, as Mr. Gladstone himself pointed out, been so elected) could be accepted by him as conclusive on the subject. The resolution is signed by Lord Balfour of Burleigh as convener of the Committee.

THE RISHORD C. T. Accepted the Irish Church had, as Mr. Gladstone as M

THE BISHOP OF ST. ALBANS has sanctioned the use in his diocese A MOVEMENT has been started in the Midlands for the creation of a Bishopric of Birmingham. The Bishop of Worcester goes

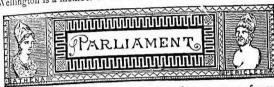
arther, and recommon is the creation of a new See for the Archeaconry of Coventry, which contains about two-fifths of the shabitants of his Diocese, and towards its endowment he generously files to surrender 800% a year of his episcopal income.

ffers to surrender 800% a year of his episcopal income.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER'S proposal for the res'oration of St. axiour's, Southwark, as the Cathedral of South London is being arm'y taken up in the Diocese. After Westminster Abbey, this amous old edifice contains the finest specimens of Early English an London. Edmund Shak speare, "player," the youngest brother of the poet, and John Fletcher (Beaumont and Fletcher), were buried in the church, and Philip Massinger, the dramatist, in the church-

m the church, and Prinip Massinger, the Gramatist, in the churchard.

Miscellaneous.—Westminster Abbey is to be closed on Sinday evenings until Advent. The last, until then, of the Popu ar Services" in the nave was on Sunday, who Bishop Barry preached.—The new Protestant Churchman's Alliance has Barry preached.—The new Protestant Churchman's Alliance has betained more than a thousand members, and subscriptions to the obtained more than a thousand members, and subscriptions to the amount of 1,000/.—Cardinal Manning has inaugurated St. Veronica's Retreat, at Chiswick, a home for female inebriates, the Veronica's Retreat, at Chiswick, a home for female inebriates, the leading though, as yet, the unsuccessful advocate of compulsory national assurance, and a zealous promoter of parochial, friendly, and other provident societies, secular and clerical, has been and other provident societies, secular and clerical, has been and other provident societies, secular and clerical, has been minster, of the yearly value of 670/.—A committee has been formed to crect a memorial to the late Rev. G. R. Gleig, late Chaplain-General to the Forces, and a copious contributor to military litegeneral to the Forces, and a copious contributor to military litegeneral to the Forces, and a biography of the great Duke of Wellington, and the "Story of Waterloo." The present Duke of Wellington is a member of the committee.



The end of this week has seen the long-drawn process of passing the Royal Annuties Bill finally accomplished. The real fight concluded on Monday night, when the last guns were fired over Mr. John Morley's amendment. But on Wednesday afternoon Mr. John Morley's amendment. But on Wednesday afternoon Mr. John Morley's and his friends returned quite fresh to the fight, support on its second reading. Of course nothing serious was meant, the early flutter of interest lingering round the question, What Dr. Wallace was doing in this particular galley? The explanation is simple enough. The Doctor, who aspires to the position of a simple enough. The Doctor, who aspires to the position of a sceech, spatking with impromptu humour, which, expressed in speech, spatking with impromptu humour, which, expressed in speech, spatking with impromptu humour, which, expressed in dogged manner with a strong Scotch accent, sometimes acceded in samising the House. Neither the Spacker and the semend a prospect of the Botch of the House. Neither the Spacker and this was strong the service of the Botch of the

ruption of the Radicals below the Gangway, he turned bodily upon them, and poured out on their astonished heads a quite unexpected store from his already lavishly-used vitriol bottle. "The New Radicals," he called them with contemptuous inflection of his voice, new because they have nothing in common with the Old Radicals. Destructive in their aim and object, they had never shown the slightest constructive capacity, and were, in short, nothing more nor less than the Nihilists of English politics.

Later in the sitting the debate was again lifted somewhere near the height to which Mr. Chamberlain had carried it by speeches from Sir Henry James and Sir William Harcourt. Sir Henry James returned to the flagellation of Mr. Morley, neatly describing the situation by the statement that on Friday night he had given a vote to satisfy the entirety of his conscience, and on Monday night he was going to vote to satisfy a portion of his constituency. Sir William Harcourt turned with delight to combat with Mr. Chamberlain, effectively reminding him of Lord John Russell's saying, that one thing more sickening than the cant of New Radicalism was the recant of Old Radicalism. Finally, Mr. Smith, in one of his sober speeches brought the House back to the business before it, which was to pass through Committee the Resolution upon which should be founded a Bill securing to the Prince of Wales an additional annuity of 36,000%. On a division, there voted in support of the Government 355 members, including Mr. Gladstone, whilst Mr. Morley carried into the Division Lobby with him 134 members. These figures compare with 116 who voted with Mr. Labouchere on Friday, and 398 who supported the motion forthwith to go into Committee.

The Annuity Bill out of the way, the course becomes clear for

Committee.

The Annuity Bill out of the way, the course becomes clear for winding up the business of the Session. Next week Supply, long delayed, will be taken in hand, and it depends upon the spirit in which it is approached whether the Session shall be extended into the last week of August. The Tithe Bill is still kept on the Orders, and Mr. Smith talks of taking the second reading next Thursday. Should this intention be seriously held, the Prorogation is still afar off, there being a stout and determined phalanx on the Opposition Benches who are resolved that the Bill shall not pass.



THE TURF.—Glorious Goodwood opened in glorious weather on Tuesday, when there was a capital attendance and some good sport. There were eighteen runners for the Stewards' Cup, for which Amphion, in spite of his heavy weight (8 st. 13 lbs.), had early been installed favourite. Before the fall of the flag, however, he was passed in the quotations by Danbydale. Once again the Bedford Cottage candidate failed to run up to his private form, and the winner was Mr. A. James's Dog Rose, with Amphion only a neck behind, and Noble Chieftain third. The Richmond Stakes fell to Mr. E. W. Baird's Golden Gate, Mr. Douglas Baird's dark colt, Fortitude, being third; the Duke of Portland's Elsie secured the March Stakes, and Mr. D. Baird's El Dorado the Gratwicke Stakes. El Dorado scored again next day in the Bognor Plate, Veracity followed up his Liverpool success in the Chesterfield Cup, and Enthusiast took the Sussex Stakes.

T. Loates added four more wins to his score during these two days.

Enthusiast took the Sussex Stakes. T. Loates added four more wins to his score during these two days.

There was racing at Newton and Yarmouth at the end of last week, but little of importance was done. Seven of the winners at the herring town hailed from Golding's stable. Mr. Milner took both the Norfolk and Suffolk Handicap and the Hastings Welter Handicap with Heloise, and also secured the Yare Handicap Plate with that unlucky beast Whistle Jacket. T. Loates rode eight winners during the two days, thus bringing his record of winning mounts to 82 out of 309. George Barrett has scored 69 times in 345 attempts, and his brother Fred has ridden 258 races and 60 winners. Mr. Warren de la Rue has challenged for the Whip, at present held by the Duke of Beaufort, with Trayles. The Grand Prix de Paris for 1891 has secured 389 subscriptions. Lord Durham has entered six youngsters, and several other British owners have four. Lord Alington has sold his share in Friar's Balsam to Mr. Chaplin; and when he leaves the turt "Balsam" is to join his sire Hermit at Blankney. The well-known trotter, Juggler, is now thirteen years old, but seems to have lost none of his powers. At Nottingham, on Monday, he covered five miles in less than fourteen and a-half minutes.

CRICKET.—When our Australian visitors left us last year, it

less than fourteen and a-half minutes.

CRICKET.—When our Australian visitors left us last year, it was stated that a considerable time would elapse before another team came over. Nevertheless, next year will see the Cornstalks again in England. H. F. Boyle is to manage the team, which it is hoped will include the veterans Murdoch, Giffen, McDonnell, and Blackham, and the bowlers Turner and Ferris, who worked such havoc among British wickets last season. Much regret will be felt that Moses, who is, perhaps, the best left-handed bat in the world, is not coming. The Philadelphians have not been doing very well lately. Since their crushing defeat by the Gentlemen of M.C.C. they have succumbed to the Gentlemen of Kent. Poor Yorkshire! To be beaten by all the first-class counties was bad enough, but to fall before Warwickshire was lamentable. Still the Warwickshire men are no mean opponents. Shilton and Pallett are capital bowlers; Richards, who made 120 (not out) in his second innings, is an excellent bat; and Lilley, who captured seven men in the two innings, is exceeding smart behind the wicket. However, this week the "tykes" managed to win their first match, beating Gloucestershire by four wickets. Gloucestershire beat Lancashire last week in a small-scoring match, and thus rendered the second place among the counties more open than ever. Notts, for which Shrewsbury is playing again, is practically certain to be champion. Leicestershire and Sussex have both succumbed to Surrey. G. G. Hearne scored 113 for M.C.C. last week against Lincolnshire, which could only score 62 and 18, and was defeated by an innings and 313 runs, Alec Hearne taking 13 wickets for 37 runs.

Cycling.—There was a terrible amount of "loafing" at the N.C.U. Championship meeting on Saturday, and consequently the

Alec Hearne taking 13 wickets for 37 runs.

CYCLING.—There was a terrible amount of "loafing" at the N.C.U. Championship meeting on Saturday, and consequently the times were for the most part very poor. However H. H. Sansom, who won the One Mile Tricycle Championship, rode a quarter of a mile in 36 2-5 secs. (record). The Five Miles Bicycle Championship fell to the holder, H. Synyer, and the Twenty-Five Miles Tricycle Championship to W. G. H. Bramson.—J. H. Adams has lowered the Fifty Miles Amateur Bicycle record to 2 hrs. 33 min. 37 2-5 sec., so it will be seen that our cyclists can still go fast enough when it suits their purpose.

when it suits their purpose.

LAWN-TENNIS.—A heavy thunderstorm on Saturday spoiled the conclusion of the Essex Tournament at Chingford, and the Championship of Essex, in which Mr. E. H. Christy challenges the holder, Mr. E. G. Meers, had to be postponed till to-day (Saturday). The Five o'Clock Singles Handicap fell to M. F.O. S. Reade, the popular Secretary of the meeting, to whose exertions its success was mainly due.

MISCELLANEOUS.—At Lacrosse, as at cricket, Yorkshire has been easily beaten by Lancashire.—Donovan is a name to conjure with this year. The July Sheffield Handicap fell to the American

professional of that name.—J. L. Sullivan has challenged Jem Smith to a fight to a finish, and has offered him 500l. as expenses, if he will cross the "big drink." At present the Slogger is indulging in a big drink himself.



THE SITTINGS OF THE SPECIAL COMMISSION are adjourned to Thursday, October 24th.

The Sittings of the Special Commission are adjourned to Thursday, October 24th.

The Trial of Mrs. Maybrick for poisoning her husband, began at Liverpool on Wednesday before Mr. Justice Stephea. The Court was crowded, and great excitement prevailed. The prisoner struck the reporters as presenting "a very attractive appearance." Mr. Addison, Q.C., led for the Crown, who prosecuted, and Sir Charles Russell for the defence. Mr. Addison recapitulated the facts and statements which procured from the Coroner's jury a verdict of wilful murder against Mrs. Maybrick. Among the witnesses whom he called were Mr. Michael Maybrick, the brother, and Dr. Hopper, the medical attendant of the deceased. The evidence given by them during their examination-in-chief was much the same as that given before the Coroner and the magistrates, and has already been summarised in this column. Cross-examined by Sir Charles Russell, Mr. Michael Maybrick stated that in a letter received by him from Mrs. Maybrick she spoke of a white powder which his brother was taking, and that this might account for the pains in his head. On reexamination, however, he added that on mentioning the matter to his brother, the latter declared that, whoever had told him of the white powder, it was a —— lie. Dr. Hopper, in cross-examination, spoke to his impression that in 1882 the deceased told him thas he had taken arsenic as what the reporters style "an anti-periodic."—Mr. Maybrick's will has been proved. He bequeathed to his wife the amount, 2,500%, to be realised from policies on his life taken out in her name. The testator refers to the interest on this sum as, with 125% a year which she receives from her New York property, a respectable provision for her.

At the Central Criminal Court, on Wednesday, Nathaniel Curragh was charged with the willul murder of George Goring, the acrobat, known professionally as Letine. Medical evidence having been given, proving conclusively that the prisoner was insane, and quite unable to plead, the jury returned a verdict to t

quite unable to plead, the jury returned a verdict to that effect, and he was ordered to be detained.

A MR. HANDFORD married some years ago a lady who had been divorced from her husband, and whose second marriage has not turned out a happy one. She was, it is said, taking steps to procure a separation from him, and meanwhile, it seems, her friends had expelled him from his home on account of his intemperate habits. All this appears to have affected his mind, and he was heard threatening to "do for" his wife and her relations, showing his friends a revolver which he had bought, and presenting them with various articles which, he said, he would not require after Sunday last. On that day he waited on the steps of the house where he was lodging, commanding a view of the congregation issuing from Brondesbury Chapel, Kilburn High Road. When his wife and his mother were opposite him, he crossed the road, and fired at his wife a bullet which entered her jaw. Immediately afterwards he fired at his mother-in-law, the bullet also entering her jaw. Recrossing the road, he shot himself in the forehead, on which, however, it seems to have inflicted only a superficial wound, and on his being taken to the hospital his injuries were pronounced to be not serious. The two ladies were removed insensible to their residence. The condition of Mrs. Deveson, the mother-in-law, was regarded as very critical, but that of Mrs. Handford as more hopeful.

A SHOCKING CASE OF MATRICIDE has occurred at Glasgow.

A SHOCKING CASE OF MATRICIDE has occurred at Glasgow. A young man of the name of Paterson, a merchant's clerk, living with his mother, a widow, had been remonstrated with by her on the irregularity of his habits, and there had been frequent quarrel-between them on this account. On Saturday afternoon, on returning home, he began to quarrel with his mother. He was a volunteer, and he is believed to have then gone to his bedroom, and to have fetched from it his rifle, loaded. Returning to the kitchen, he fired at his mother. The bullet passed through her body, and half-an-hour afterwards she died. The matricide made no effort to escape, and was taken in custody.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Mr. Justice Kay has directed the pro-

escape, and was taken in custody.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Mr. Justice Kay has directed the provisional liquidators of the Alexandra Palace not to enter into any fresh arrangements, but only to keep faith with the public in regard to those already made.—A bigamist, who pleaded guilty at the Central Criminal Court this week, was leniently sentenced by the Recorder to two days' imprisonment. His first marriage had been an unhappy one, and his second wife, to whom he had behaved with kindness, did not countenance the prosecution.

A PASTEUR INSTITUTE is to be founded in Rome, the Municipal Council funishing the funds.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR'S TOUR IN INDIA during the coming cold season is being gradually organised. Landing at Bombay early in November, he will travel by railway and elephant across the country to Madras, visiting on his way the Nizam of Hyderabad and the Rajahs of Mysore and Travancore. The journey from Madras to Calcutta will be made by steamer, the chief festivity at Calcutta being a Durbar of the feudatory Princes. Thence the Prince will go to the sacred cities on the Ganges and the Jumna, and will enjoy tiger shooting in the Terai before visiting the Maharajahs Scindia and Holkar, the Gaekwar of Baroda, and the Rao of Cutch.

THE PARIS LOUVRE has undergone many changes of late, and

tiger shooting in the Terai before visiting the Maharajahs Scindia and Holkar, the Gaekwar of Baroda, and the Rao of Cuich.

THE PARIS LOUVRE has undergone many changes of late, and English visitors who can tear themselves away from the Exhibition for a few hours, will find some very interesting additions. As many pictures have gone temporarily to the Champ de Mars, their places have been filled by works hitherto hidden away in the lofts for want of space, and quite new to most people. Two fresh sculpture rooms have been opened, one, very lofty, devoted to works anterior to the fourteenth century; the other, a low gallery like a chapel, containing sculpture dating from the fourteenth to the close of the fifteenth century. In this latter room the gem of the collection is the beautiful tomb of Philippe Pot, Grand-Seneschal of Burgundy, a splendid specimen of the Burgundian School, bought by the State for 4,000. Several of the other sculpture galleries have also been re-arranged. The mosaic decorating the dome of the [grand staircase leading from the ground-floor to the Galérie d'Apollon is finished after five years' labour. It represents the Apotheosis of Art at the period of the Renaissance, illustrated by four allegorical groups—France, Italy, Germany, and Flanders, with medallion portraits of the chief Masters produced by each country. The four other domes on the staircase will be similarly decorated, the next mosaic depicting Antique Art in Greece, while the intervening arches will illustrate various artistic epochs in different countries. The whole decoration is expected to occupy fifteen years, and will cost over 9,000. One of the Pope's most skilled mosaic artists has executed this elaborate work.





THE BABY ROOM-FOUR INSURED CHILDREN, AFTER SEVEN MONTHS' CARE

WORK OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN



DRAWN BY W. SMALL

She turned from him and put her hand on the handle of the door. At the same instant he caught her arm,

# FORTUNATUS" PRINCE "THE NEW

By WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," &C.

CHAPTER III.

NINA

NINA

One morning Lionel was just about to go out (he had already been round to the gymnasium and got his fencing over) when the house-porter came up and said that a young lady wished to see him. "What does she want?" he said, impatiently—for something had gone wrong with the clasp of his cigarette-case, and he could not get it right, "What's her name? Who is she?"

"She gave me her name, sir; but I did not quite catch it," said the factotum of the house.

"Oh, well, send her up," said he: no doubt this was some trembling debutante, accompanied by an ancient duenna and a roll of music. And then he went to the window, to try to get the impenitent clasp to shut.

But perhaps he would not have been so wholly engrossed with that trifling difficulty had he known who this was who had come softly up the stair and was now standing irresolute, smiling, wondering at the open door. She was a remarkably pretty, even handsome young lady, whose pale clear olive complexion and coalblack hair bespoke her Southern birth; while there was an eager and yet timid look in her lustrous soft black eyes, and something about the mobile, half-parted mouth that seemed to say she hardly knew whether to cry or laugh over this meeting with an old friend. A very charming picture she presented there; for besides her attrac-

tive personal appearance, she was very neadly, not to say coquettishly, dressed; her costume, which had a distinctly foreign air, being all of black, save for the smart little French-looking hat of deep crimson straw and velvet.

At last she sail—
"Leo!"

He turned instantly could be a said of the smart little french-looking hat of deep crimson straw and velvet.

At last she sail—
"Leo!"

He turned instantly, and had nearly dropped the cigarette-case in his amazement. And for a second he seemed paralysed of speech—he was wholly bewildered—perhaps overcome by some swift sense of responsibility at finding Antonia Rossi in London, and alone.

"Che, Nina mia," he cried, "tu stai cca a Londra!—chesta mo, chi su credeva!—e senza manca scriverme nu viers' e lettere—Nina!—mi pare nu suonno!——"

She interrupted him; she came forward smiling—and the parting of the pretty lips showed a sunny gleam of teeth; she held up her two hands, palm outwards, as if she would shut away from herself that old familiar Neapolitanese.

"No, no, no, Leo," she said, rapidly, "I speak English now—I study, study, study, morning, day, night; and always I say 'When I see I.eo, he will have much surprise that I speak English—always I say 'Some day I go to England, and when I see Leo;—"

The happy eager smile suddenly died away from her face. She looked at him. A strange kind of trouble—of doubt and wonderment and pain—came into those soft, dark, expressive eyes.

"You—you not wish to see me, Leo?" she said, rather breath—"

and as if she could hardly believe this thing. "I come to

lessly—and as if she could hardly believe this thing. "I come to London—and you not glad to see me—"

Quick tears of wounded pride sprang to the long black lashes; but with a dignified, even haughty inclination of the head she turned from him and put her hand on the handle of the door. At the same instant he caught her arm.

"Why, Nina, you're just the spoiled child you always were! Ah, your English doesn't go so far as that: you don't know what a spoiled child is?—è la cianciosella, you Neapolitan girl! Why, of course I'm glad to see you—I am delighted to see you—but you frightened me, Nina—your coming like this, alone—"

"I frighten you, Leo?" she said, and a quick laugh shone brightly through her tears. "Ah, I see—it is that I have no chaperon? But I had no time—I wished to see you, Leo—I said 'Leo will understand, and afterwards I get a chaperon all correctly.' Oh, yes, yes, I know—but where is the time?—yesterday I go through the streets—it is Leo, Leo everywhere in the windows—I see you in this costume, in the other costume—and your name so large, so very large, in the—in the—"

"The theatre-bills? Well, sit down, Nina, and tell me how you come to be in London."

She had by this time quite forgiven or forgotten his first dismay on finding her there: and now she took a chair with much quict

She had by this time quite forgiven or forgotten his first dismay on finding her there; and now she took a chair with much quiet complaisance, and sate down, and put her black silk sunshade across her breeze.

"It is simple," she said, and from time to time she regarded him in a very frank and pleased and even affectionate way, as if the old comradeship of the time when they were both studying in Naple; was not to be interfered with by the natural timidity of a young and was not to be interfered with by the natural timidity of a young and extremely pretty woman coming as a stranger into a strange town. "You remember Carmela, Leo? Carmela and her—her spouse—they have great good fortune—they get a grand prize in the lottery—then he says 'Carmeluccia, we will go to Paris—we will go to Paris, Carmeluccia—and why not Nina also? Very kind, was it not?—but Andrea is always kind, so also Carmela, to me. Then I am in Paris. I say 'It is not far to London; I go to London, and see Leo.' Perhaps I get an engagement—oh, no, no, no, you shall not laugh!" she broke in—though it was she herself who was laughing, and not he at all. "I am improved—oh, yes, a little—a little improved—you remember old Pandiani he always say my voice not bad, but that agilità was for me very difficult."

difficult."

He remembered very well; but he also remembered that when he left Naples Signorina Rossi was labouring away with the most pertinacious assiduity at cavatinas full of runs and scales and fiorituri generally; and he was quite willing to believe that such diligence had met with its due reward. But when the young lady modestly hinted that she had left her music in the hall below, and would like Leo to hear whether she had not acquired a good deal more of flexibility than her voice used to possess, and when he had would like Leo to hear whether she had not acquired a good deal more of flexibility than her voice used to possess, and when he had fetched the music and taken it to the piano for her, he was not a little surprised to see her select Ambroise Thomas' 'Io son Titania.' And he was still more astonished when he found her singing this difficult piece of music with a brilliancy, an ease, a verve of execution that he had never dreamed of her being able to reach.

"Brava! Brava! Bravisima!—Well, you have improved, Nina!" he exclaimed. "And it isn't only in freedom of production, it is in quality, too, in timbre—my goodness, your voice has ever so much more volume and power! Come, now, try some big, dramatic thing—""

She shook her head.

"No, no, Leo, I know what I do," she said. "I shall never have the grand style—never—but you think I am improved, yes? Well,

now, I sing something else.

now, I sing something else."

He forgot all about her lack of a chaperon: they were fellow-students again, as in the old days at Naples, when they worked hard (and also played a little) when they comforted each other, and strove to bear with equanimity the grumbling and querulousness of that always dissatisfied old Pandiani. Signorina Rossi now sang the Shadow Song from "Dinorah;" then she sang the Jewel Song from "Faust;" she sang Caro nome from "Rigoletto," or anything else that he could suggest; and her runs and shakes and scale passages were delivered with a freedom and precision that again and again called forth his applause.

"And you have never sung in public, Nina," he asked.

and again called forth his applause.

"And you have never sung in public, Nina," he asked.
"At one concert, yes, in Naples," the young lady made answer.
"And at two or three maintes." And then she turned to him with a bright look. "You know this, Leo?—I am offered—no—I was offered—an engagement to sing in opera; oh, yes; it was the Impresario from Malta—he comes to Naples—Pandiani makes us all sing to him—then will I go to Malta, to the opera there? No!"
"Why not, Nina? Surely that was a good opening?" he said. She turned away from him again, and her fingers wandered

She turned away from him again, and her fingers wandered lightly over the keys of the piano.

"I always say to me, 'Some day I am in England; the English give much-money at concerts; perhaps that is better.'"

"So you've come over to England to get a series of concert-room engagements: is that it, Nina?"

She shrugged her shoulders ever so slightly.

"Perhaps. One must wait and see. It it is not my ambition.

No. The light opera, that is—popular?—is it right?"

"Yes. ves."

"Perhaps." One must wait and see. It it is not my ambition. No. The light opera, that is—popular?—is it right?"

"Yes, yes."
"It is very popular in England," said the young Italian lady, with her eyes coming back from the music-sheets to seek those of her friend. "Well, Leo, if I take a small part to begin, have I voice sufficient? What do you think? No; be frank: say to yourself 'I am Pandiani; here is Antonia Rossi troubling me once more; it is useless; go away, Antonia Rossi, and not trouble me!"

Well, Maestro Pandiani, what you say?"

"So you want to go on the stage, Nina?" said he; and again the dread of finding himself responsible for this solitary young stranger sent a qualm to his heart. It was an embarrassing position altogether; but at the same time the thought of shaking her off—of getting free from this responsibility by telling a white lie or two and persuading her to go back to Naples—that thought never even occurred to him. To shake off his old comrade Nina? He certainly would have preferred, for many reasons, that she should have taken to concert-room business; but if she was relying on him for an introduction to the lyric stage, why he was bound to help her in every possible way. "You know you've got an excellent voice!" he continued. "And a very little stage training would fit you for a small part in comedy-opera, if that is what you're thinking of, as a beginning. But I don't know that you would like it, Nina. You see, you would have to become under-study for the lady who has the part at present; and they'd probably want you to sing in the chorus; and you'd get a very small salary—at first, you know, until you were qualified to take one of the more important parts—and then you might get into a travelling-company—"

"A small part?" said she, with much cheerfulness. "Oh, yes; why not? I must learn."

"But I don't know that you would like it," he said, still ruefully. "You see, Nina, you might have to dress in the same room with two or three of the chorus-girls—"

"And then?" she said, with a l

never saw my lodgings with the family Debernardi—you have only mount the stairs—"

"My goodness, Nina, I could guess what the inside of the rooms was like, if they were anything like those interminable and horrid stairs!" he exclaimed, with a laugh. "And you who were always so fond of pretty things, and flowers, and always so particular when we went to a restaurant—to live with the Debernardis!"

"Ah, Leo, you imagine not why?" she said, also laughing, and when she laughed, her milk-white teeth shone merrily. "Old Pietro Debernardi he lives in England some years; he speaks English, perhaps not very well, but he speaks; then he teach me as he knows; and when it is possible I go on the Risposta and sail over to Capri, and all the way, and all the return, I listen, and listen, and listen to the English people; and I remember, and I practise alone in my own room, and I say Leo, he must not ridicule me, when I go to England."

"Ridicule you!" said he, indignantly. "I wish I could speak Italian as freely as you speak English, Nina!"

"Oh, you speak Italian ver' well!" said she. "But why you speak still the Neapolitan dialetto—dialect, is it right?—that you hear in the shops and the streets? Ah, I remember you are so proud of it, and when I try to teach you proper Italian, you laugh—you wish to speak like Sabetta Debernardi, and Giacomo, and the others. That is the fault to learn by ear, instead of the books cor-

others. That is the fault to learn by ear, instead of the books correctly. And you have not forgotten yet!"

"Well, Nina," he resumed, "I don't seem to have frightened you

"Well, Nina," he resumed, "I don't seem to have frightened you with the possibility of your having to dress in the same room with two or three chorus-girls whom you don't know; and in fact, if I happened to be acquainted with the theatre, I dare say I could get the manager to make sure you were to dress along with some nice girl,

who would show you how to make up, and all that. But you would get a very small salary to begin with, Nina; perhaps only thirty shillings a week—and an extra pound a week when you had to take up your under-study duties—however, that need not trouble you, because we are old comrades. Nina, and while you are in you, because we are old comrades, Nina, and while you are in

you, because we are old comrades, 1911a, and that Bengland my purse is yours—"

She looked at him doubtfully.

"Ah, you don't understand," he said, gently. "It's only this, and the plenty of money; if you are a good comrade and a good friend, you will take from me what you want—always—at any moment—"

moment—"
The pretty, pale olive face flushed quickly, and for a brief second she glanced at him with grateful eyes; but it was perhaps to cover her embarrassment that she now rose from the piano, and pretended to be tired of the music and of these professional schemes.

"It is enough of business," she said, lightly; "come, Leo, will you go for a small walk?—have you time?"

"Oh, yes, I have time," said he, "but you must not say booziness, Nina; it is bizness."

"Beezness!—beezness!" she said, smiling. "It is enough of

Nina; it is bizness."

"Beezness!—beezness!" she said, smiling. "It is enough of beezness! You go for a walk with me—yes? How beautiful the weather!" she continued, in a suddenly altered tone as she looked out at the sunlit foliage of the Green Park; and then she murmured, almost to herself, in those soft Italian yowel-sounds—

"Ah, Leo mio, che sarei felice d'essere in campagna!"

It was a kind of sigh: perhaps that was the reason she had inad-

"Ah, Leo mio, che sarei felice d'essere in campagna!"

It was a kind of sigh: perhaps that was the reason she had inadvertently relapsed into her own tongue. And as they went down the stairs, and he opened the door for her, the few words he addressed to her were also in Italian.

"The country!" he said. "We will just step across the street, Nina, and you will find yourself in what is quite as pretty as the country at this time of year. You may fancy yourself sitting in the Villa Reale, if you could only have a flash of blue sea underneath the branches of the trees."

But when they had crossed over and got into the comparative quiet of the Park, she resolutely returned to her English again; and now she was telling him about the people in Naples whom he used to know and of their various fortunes and circumstances. Sometimes neither of them spoke; for all this around them was very still and pleasant—the fresh foliage of the trees and the long lush grass of the enclosures as yet undimmed by the summer dust; the cool shadows thrown by the elms and limes just moving as the wind stirred the wide branches; altogether a world of soft, clear, sunny green unbroken except by here and there a small copper beech with its bronze leaves become translucent in the hot light. It is true that the browsing sheep were abnormally black; and the yellow-billed starlings had perhaps less sheep on their copper beech with its bronze leaves become translucent in the hot light. It is true that the browsing sheep were abnormally black; and the yellow-billed starlings had perhaps less sheen on their feathers than they would have had in the country; nevertheless, for a park in the midst of a great city, this place was very quiet, and beautiful, and sylvan; and indeed, when these two sate down on a couple of chairs under a fragrant hawthorn, Nina's lustrous dark eyes became wistful and absent and she said—

"Yes, Leo, it is as you say in the house—it all appears a dream."

"What appears like a dream to you?" her companion asked.

"To be in London, sitting with you, Leo, and hearing you speak," she answered in a low voice. "Often I think of London—wondering what it is like—and I ask myself 'Will Leo be the same after his great renown? Are we friends as before?' and now I am here, and London is not dark and terrible with smoke, but we sit in gardens—oh, very beautiful!—and Leo is

before?' and now I am here, and London is not dark and terrible with smoke, but we sit in gardens—oh, very beautiful!—and Leo is talking just as in the old way—perhaps it is a dream?" she continued, looking up with a smile. "Perhaps I wake soon?"

"Oh, no, it isn't a dream, Nina," said he, "only it might pass for one, for you haven't told me how you managed to get here. It is all a mystery to me. Where are you staying, for example?"

"My lodging?" she said. "I have an apartment in the Restaurant Gianuzzi."

"Where is that?"

"Where is that?"
"Rupert Street," she answered, with a valiant effort at the

"My goodness, what are you doing, Nina?" he said, almost angrily. "Living by yourself, in a foreign restaurant, in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square! You'll have to come out of that at once!"

"You must not scold me, Leo," she said, in rather a hurt way.

"How am I to know?"

"I am not scolding you," he said (indeed, he knew better than to do that: if once the notion had got into her little head that he was really upbraiding her, she would have been up and off in a moment, proud-lipped, indignant-eyed, with a fierce wrong rankling in her heart; and weeks it might take him to pet her into gentleness again, even if she did not forthwith set out for the South, resolved to return to this harsh, cold England no more). "I am not scolding you, Nina," he said, quite gently. "Of course you didn't know. And of course you were attracted by the Italian name—you thought you would feel at home—"

"They are very nice people. ves. ves!" she said, and attill the

"They are very nice people, yes, yes!" she said—and still she was inclined to hold her head erect, and her mouth was a little

was inclined to hold her head erect, and her mouth was a little proud and offended.

"Very likely indeed," he said, with great consideration, "but, you see, Nina, a single young lady can't stay at a restaurant by herself, without knowing some one, some one to go about with her—"

"Why," she said, vehemently, almost scornfully, "you think I not know that! An Italian girl—and not know that! Last night, hour after hour, I sit and think 'Oh there is Leo singing now—if I may go to the theatre!—to sit and hear him—and think of the old days—and perhaps to write home to the Maestro, and tell him of may go to the theatre!—to sit and hear him—and think of the old days—and perhaps to write home to the Maestro, and tell him of the grand fame of his scholar.' But no. I can not go out. There is no time yet to see about chaperon. When it comes eleven hour, I say 'The theatre is ceased'; and I go to bed. Then this morning I know no person; I say 'Very well, I go and see Leo; he will understand; it is how I meet him in the Chiaja, and he says 'Goodmorning, Nina; shall we go for a little walk out to Pozzuoli'—it is just the same."

"Yes. I understand well apouch. Nina."

just the same."
"Yes, I understand well enough, Nina," said he, goodnaturedly,
"and I wasn't scolding you when I said you must get some better
place to stay at while you are in London. Well, now, I am going
to tell you something. I don't know much about what actors and
actresses are in Italy; but here in England they are exceedingly
generous to any of their number that have fallen into misfortune;
and a case of the kind happened a little, while ago. As cate, who and a case of the kind happened a little while ago. An actor, who used to be well-known, died quite suddenly, and left his widow entirely unprovided for; whereupon there was a subscription got up for her, and a morning performance, too, in which nearly all the leading actors and actresses managed to do something or other; and the result is that they have been able to take the lease of a house in the result is that they have been able to take the lease of a house in Sloane Street, and furnish the rooms for her, and she is to earn her living by keeping lodgers. Now, if you really want to remain in London, Nina, don't you think that might be a comfortable home for you? She is a very nice ladylike little woman; and she's a great friend of mine, too; she would do everything she could for you. There's a chaperon for you ready-made!—for I'm afraid she has only one lodger to look after as yet, though she has all the necessary and the establishment is quite complete. What do you servants, and the establishment is quite complete. What do you to that. Nina?

Her face had brightened up wonderfully at this proposal.

"Yes, yes, yes, Leo!" she said, instantly. "Tell me how I go, and I go at once, to ask her if she can give me apartments."

He glanced at his watch.

"The fact is," said he, slowly, "I was to have lunched with a very.

small party to-day—at a Duchess's house—at a Duchess's house think of that, Nina!"

think of that, Nina!"

She jumped to her feet at once, and frankly held out her hand.
"Forgive me, Leo!—I retard you—I did not know."
"Don't be in such a hurry, Nina," he said, as he also rose,
"I'm going to break the appointment, that's all about it;
Signorina Antonia Rossi doesn't arrive in England every day, I'll
tell you what we have got to do: we will get into a hansom and
drive to a telegraph-office, and I'll get rid of that engagement; then
""I'll go on to the Restaurant Gianuzzi, and you and I will haves we'll go on to the Restaurant Gianuzzi, and you and I will have a little luncheon by ourselves, just to prepare us for the fatigues of the day; then you will get your things ready, and I will take you down to Mrs. Grey's in Sloane Street, and introduce you to that most estimable little lady; and then, if Mrs. Grey happens to be disengaged for the evening, she might be induced to come with you to the New Theatre, and she could take you safe home after the performance. How will that do, Nina?"

"You always were kind to me, Leo," she said—though the gratitude plainly shining in the gentle, dark eyes rendered the words quite unnecessary.

And indeed she was delighted with a sort of childich delicit. we'll go on to the Restaurant Gianuzzi, and you and I will have a

And indeed she was delighted with a sort of childish delight to sit and indeed site was designed with a sort of children engine to sit in this swift hansom, bowling along the smooth thoroughfare; and she chatted and chattered in her gay, rapid, disconnected fashion; and she had nothing but contempt for the shabby Neapolitan fiacre and the jolting streets that Leo of course remembered; and when at last she found herself and her companion of old days seated at a small, clean, bright window-table in the Restaurant Gianuzzi—they small, clean, bright window-table in the Restaurant Gianuzzi—they being the only occupants of the long saloon—she fairly clapped her little hands together in her gladness. And then how pretty she looked! She had removed her bonnet; and the light from the window, falling on the magnificent masses of her jet-black hair gave it almost a blue sheen in places; while here and there—about the wax-like ear, for example, a tiny ringlet had got astray, and its soft darkness against the olive complexion seemed to heighten the clear, pure pallor of theoval cheek. And now all daubts as to how Learning the same than the clear of the oval cheek. pure pallor of the oval cheek. And now all doubts as to how Leo might pure pallor of theovalcheek. And nowall doubts as to how Leo might receive her had fled from her mind; they were on the old familiar terms again; and she followed with an eager and joyous interest all that he had to say to her. Then how easily could she accentuate her sympathetic listening with this expressive face! The mobile, somewhat large, beautifully-formed mouth, the piquant little nose with its sensitive nostrils, the eloquent dark eyes could just say anything she pleased; though, to be sure, however varying her mood might be, in accordance with what she heard and what was demanded of her, her normal expression was one of an almost childish and might be, in accordance with what she neard and what was demanded of her, her normal expression was one of an almost childish and happy content. She poured her glass of Chianti into a tumbler, and filled that up with water, and sipped it as a canary sips. She made little pellets of bread with her dainty white fingers—but that was in forgetfulness—that was in her eagerness of listening. And

was in forgettuness—that was in left eigenfeed of the tangent at last she said—
"What is it, Leo?—you wish to frighten me with your trials?—no! for now you laugh at all these—these mortifications.
Then a man is proud—he is sensitive—he is not patient as a woman—oh, you think you frighten me?—no, no!"
The fact is, he began to see more and more clearly that she was resolved upon trying her fortune on the lyric stage; and he thought

resolved upon trying her fortune on the lyric stage; and he thought it his duty to let her know very distinctly what she would have to encounter. He did not exactly try to dissuade her; but he gave her a general idea of what she might expect, and that in not too roseate colours. His chief difficulty, however, was this: he was possessed by a vague feeling that there might be some awkwardness in having Antonia Rossi engaged at the same theatre with himself; and yet, looking round all the light operas then being performed, he had honestly to confess that the only part Nina could aspire to take, with her present imperfect pronounciation of English, was that of the young French officer played at the New Theatre by Mlle. Girond. Nor did it lessen his embarrassment to find, as soon as he mentioned this possibility, that to join the New Theatre was precisely what Signorina Rossi desired.

soon as he mentioned this possibility, that to join the New Yukate was precisely what Signorina Rossi desired.

"I don't think there would be much difficulty about it, Nina," he was forced to admit—carefully concealing his reluctance the while. "Lehmann, that is our manager, is talking about getting up a second travelling company, for the opera is so popular everywhere, and there is to be a series of rehearsals of understudies beginning next Monday, and you could see all the coaching going on. Then you could sit in front at night, and watch Mlle. Girond's business: how would you like that, Nina?—whether what she does is clever stupid, you would have to copy it; the public would expect. or stupid, you would have to copy it; the public would expect

that \_\_\_\_."

"Why not?" Nina said, with a pleasant smile. "Why not? I learn. She knows more; why I not learn?"

"It's a shame to throw away a fine voice like yours on a small part in comic opera," he said—still with vague dreams before him of a concert-room career for her.

"But I must begin," said she, with much practical common sense, "and while I am in the small part, I learn to act, I learn the stage-affair, I learn better English, to the end of having a place more important. Why, Leo, you are too careful of me? At Naples I work hard, I am a slave to old Pandiani—I suffer everything—can I not work hard here in London? You think I am ainfant? Certainly I am not—no, no—I am old—old—"

"But light-hearted still, Nina," he said, for she was clearly hent on laughing away his fears. Then he looked at her with a little hesitation. "There's another thing, Nina: about the costume?"

"Yes?" she asked innocently.

hesitation. "There's another thing, Nina: about the station. "There's another thing, Nina: about the station." Yes?" she asked innocently.

"I don't know—whether you would quite like—but I'll show you like the station of the station. The syourself, Mlle. Girond's dress any way—then you can judge for yourself, Mlle. Girond's dress any way—then you can judge for yourself, Photograph of Mlle. Girond as Capitaine Crépin in The Squire's 'Photograph of Mlle. Girond as Capitaine Crépin in The Squire's 'Photograph Squire's 'Send round to some stationer's shop, will you, and Daughter." "Send round to some stationer's shop, will you, and the stationer's shop, will you have the stationer's shop, will you, and the stationer's shop, will you have the stationer's shop, will you, and the stationer's shop, will you have the stationer's shop the statione

get me that?"

When the messenger returned with the photograph, Lionel, rather timidly, put it before her; but indeed there was nothing in the costume of Mile. Girond to startle any one—the uniform of the boy-officer was so obviously a compromise. Nina glanced at it, thoughtfully

thoughtfully.

"Well, Leo," she said, looking up, "you see no harm?"

"Harm?" said he, boldly taking up his cue, "of course not! It isn't like any uniform that ever was known; I suppose it's Mile. Girond's own invention; but at all events there's nothing to prevent any modest girl wearing it. Why I know more than one prevent any modest girl wearing it. Why I know more than one and Rosalind's is a real boy's-dress, or ought to be—and they haven't the excuse that an actor or actress has, that it is a they haven't the excuse that an actor or actress has, that it is a precessity of one's profession. However, there's nothing to be said. necessity of one's profession. However, there's nothing to be said about that costume anyway: I really had forgotten that Miss Girond had got her pretty little blue coat made with so long a skirt.

Besides Ning with Besides, Nina, with a voice like yours, you will soon be beyond having to take parts like that."

having to take parts like that."

Indeed she was so evidently anxiou; to obtain an engagement in the same theatre that he himself was engaged in, that his vague reluctance ultimately vanished; and he began considering when he could bring her before Mr. Lehmann, the manager, and Mr. Carey, the musical conductor, so that they should hear her sing. As to their verdict, as to what the manager would do, he had no doubt their verdict, as to what the manager would do, he had no doubt whatever. She had a valuable voice; and her ignorance of stager whatever would speedily disappear. At the very time that requirements would speedily disappear, and the very time that formation of a second travelling-company, why, here was a perfect formation of a second travelling-company, why, here was a perfect treasure discovered for him. And Lionel made certain that, as soon as Antonia Rossi had had time to study Mile. Girond's "business" as Antonia Rossi had had time to study Mlle. Girond's "business,

and perhaps one or two chances of actually playing the part, she would be drafted into one or other of the travelling-companies, and sent away through the provinces; so that any awkwardness arising from her being in the same theatre with himself, and he her only friend in England, to whom she would naturally appeal in any friend in England, to whom she would naturally appeal in any

friend in England, to whom she would naturally appeal in any emergency, would thus be obviated.

"Nina, said he, as they were driving in a hansom to Sloane "Nina," said her belongings being on the top of the cab), "Lehmann, Caret (all her belongings being on the top of the cab), "Lehmann, our manager, is to be at the theatre this afternoon, about some our catching him if meaning I lancy; and there's a chance of our catching him if meaning the said of the sai our manager, is to be at the theatre this atternoon, about some seenery, I fancy; and there's a chance of our catching him if we went down some little time before the performance. Would you come along and sing one or two things?—you might have the

come along and sing one or two things?—you might have the arringement made at once."
"Will you go with me, Leo?"
"Oh, yes," he said, "I mean Mrs. Grey will take you, you know; for I will try to get places for her and you in front afterwards; but I will go with you as well. You won't be afraid?"

She laughed.

"Afraid?—no, no—what I can do I can do—there is no Pandiani to scold me if they not satisfied—that is my own beezness—is it to scold me if they not satisfied—that is my own beezness—is it to go to Malta—you think you know the Neapolitan decalet—to go to Malta—you think you know the Neapolitan decalet—to go to Malta—you think you know all the wicked words dialect?—no, it is not good for you to know all the wicked words of Naples—and he is old and evil-tempered—it is no matter. But in this theatre there is no Pandiani and his curses—"No, no, not curses, Nina," he said. "I see old Debernardi has "No, no, not curses, Nina," he said. "I see old Debernardi has taught you some strange English. Of course the Maestro did not use curses to his favourite pupil—oh, yes, you were, Nina, a great

taught you some strange English. Of course the Maestro did not use curses to his favourite pupil—oh, yes, you were, Nina, a great favourite, though he was always grumbling and growling. However, remember this, Nina, you must sing your best this evening, and impress them; and I shouldn't wonder if Lehmann gave you executional terms."

exceptional terms."

"More becauses?" she said, with a smile that showed a gleam of her pretty teeth: the sound of the word had tickled her ear some-

her pretty teeth: the sound of the word had tickled her ear somehow: more than once, as the cab rolled away down Kensingtonwards, he could hear her repeat to herself—' beezness! beezness!'

This young Italian lady seemed to produce a most favourable
impression on the little, pale-faced widow, who appeared to be very
grateful to Mr. Lionel Moore for having thought of her. The
ground-floor sitting-room and bed-room, she explained, were
ground-floor sitting-room and bed-room, she explained, were
occupied by her sole lodger: the young lady could have the choice
of any of the apartments above. The young lady, as it turned out,
was startled beyond measure at the price she was asked to pay
(which, in truth, was quite moderate, for the rooms were good
rooms, in a good situation, and neatly furnished) and it was only on
Lionel's insisting on it that she consented to take the apartments
on the second floor. on the second floor. "I beg you not miscomprehend," Nina said, somewhat earnest!

"I beg you not miscomprehend," Nina said, somewhat earnestly, to the little landlady (for was she not a friend of Leo's?). "The price is perhaps not too large—it is to me that it is large—" (th, that's all right, Nina," Lionel broke in, "that's all settled. You see, Mrs. Grey, Miss Rossi has come over here to get an engagement in comedy-opera, or perhaps to sing at concerts; and if a manager calls to see her on business, why, of course she must be in decent rooms. You can't go and live in a slum. Mrs. Grey knows what managers are. Nina: you must take up a good position

a manager cans to see ner on business, winy, or course size must be in decent rooms. You can't go and live in a slum. Mrs. Grey knows what managers are, Nina; you must take up a good position and hold your own; and—and, in fact, Nina, when you are in London, you can't afford to go and climb those frightful Neapolitan stairs and hide yourself in a garret. So it's settled; and I'm going out directly to hire a piano for you."

"For how much expense, Leo?" she said, anxiously.

"Oh, we'll see about that by and by," said he.

He then explained to Mrs. Grey that Miss Nina was that very evening going along to the New Theatre to be heard by the manager and the conductor; that thereafter she wished to see the performance of The Squire's Daughter, in which she hoped ere long to take a part herself; and that, if Mrs. Grey could find it convenient to accompany the young lady, it would be a very great obligation to him, Mr. Moore. Mrs. Grey replied to this that her solitary lodger had gone down to Richmond for two or three days; she herself had gene down to Richmond for two or three days; she herself had no engagement of any kind for that evening; and when, she asked, did any one ever hear of an old actress refusing an invitation to go to the theatre? to the theatre?

"So that's all settled too," said this young man, who seemed to

le carrying everything his own way.

Then he went out and hired a piano—necessarily a small upright—which was to be taken down to Sloane Street that same evening; -which was to be taken down to Sloane Street that same evening; next he sought out a telegraph-office, and sent a message to Mr. Lehmann and to Mr. Carey; finally he called at a florist's and tought a whole heap of flowers for the better decoration of Signorina Rossi's new apartments. In this last affair he was really outrageously extravagant, even for one who was habitually careless about his expenditure: but he said to himself—

about his expenditure; but he said to himself—
"Well, I throw away lots of money in compliments to people who are quite indifferent to me; and why shouldn't I allow myself a httle latitude when it is my old comrade Nina who has come over the findhald?" to England?

When at length he got back to the house he found it would soon le time for them to be thinking of getting down to the theatre; so

Now, look here, Mrs. Grey, when Miss Nina has done with her "Now, look here, Mrs. Grey, when Miss Nina has done with her singing and her talk with the manager, you must take her to some restaurant and get some dinner for both of you, for you can't go on without anything until eleven. You will just have time before the performance begins. I'm sorry I can't take you; but, you see, as soon as I hear what the manager says, I must be off to dress for my part. Then at the end of the performance I can't ask you to wait for me; you will have to bring her home, either in a cab or by the Unlerground, for Nina is very economical. I hope you won't think I am treating you ill in leaving you to yourselves—"
"Why, Leo, you have given up the whole day to me!" Nina exclaimed.

"You gave up many an afternoon to me, Nina," he rejoined, when I sprained my ankle down at that confounded Castello Dell' (Oyo."

The ordeal that the debutante had now to undergo was of course male remarkably easy for her through the intervention of this good friend of hers. When they got down to the theatre, they went at once on to the stage, where Nina found herself in the midst of an oldcan to the stage, where Nina found herself in the midst of an old-fashioned English village, with a gaily-bedecked Maypole just behind her, while in front of her was the great, gaunt, empty, musty-smelling building, filled with a dim twillight, though also there were here and there one or two orange points of gas. Lionel sent a messenger to the manager's office, and also told him to ask if Mr. Carey had come; then he opened Nina's roll of music for her, and legan to discuss with her which piece she should choose. Fortulegan to discuss with her which piece she should choose. Fortunately Mr. Lehmann had not yet left—here he was,—a stout, clean-shaven, sharp-eyed sort of person, in a frock-coat and a remarkably shiny hat the considered shiven, sharp-eyed sort of person, in a frock-coat and a remarkably shiny hat: he glanced at the young lady in what she considered a very rude and unwarrantable manner, but the fact was he was merely, from a business point of view, trying to guess what her figure was like. Lionel explained all the circumstances of the case to him, and gave it as his own confident opinion that as soon as leng engaged. At the same moment Mr. Carey appeared—a tall, lande, extremely handsome person of the fashion-plate sort; and at a word from the manager, two or three scene-shifters went and at a word from the manager, two or three scene-shifters went and wheeled on to the stage a small upright piano.

Nina did not seem at all disconcerted by their business-like air and want of little formal politenesses. Ouite calmly she took out

and want of little formal politenesses. Quite calmly she took out

'Caro nome' from her music, and handed it to the conductor, who was at the piano. He glanced at the sheet; appeared a little surprised; but struck the opening chords for her. Then Nina sang; prised; but struck the opening chords for her. Then Nina sang and though for a second or two the sound of her own voice in this prised; but struck the opening chords for her. Then Nina sang; and though for a second or two the sound of her own voice in this huge empty building seemed strange—seemed wrong almost and unnatural—she had speedily recovered confidence, and was determined she would bring no discredit upon her friend Leo. Very well indeed she sang; and Lionel was delighted; while of course Mr. Carey was professionally interested in hearing for the first time a voice so fresh and pure and so perfectly trained; but when she had finished, the manager merely said—

"Thank you, that will do: I needn't trouble you further." Then, after a word or two partly aside with Mr. Carey, he turned to Lionel and abruptly asked what salary she wanted—just as if Lionel had brought him some automaton and made it work.

"I think you ought to give her a very good salary," the young man said, in an undertone; "she has studied under Pandiani at Naples. And if I were you, I wouldn't ask her to sing in the chorus at all; I would rather keep a voice like that fresh and unworked, until she is fit to take a part."

"Singing in the chorus won't hurt her," said he, briefly, "for a while at least, and she'll become familiar with the stage."

But here Lionel drew the manager still further aside; and then ensued a conversation which neither Nina nor Mr. Carey could in the least overhear. At the end of it Mr. Lehmann nodded acquiescence, and said "Very well, then;" and straightway he departed, for he was a busy man, and had little time to waste on the smaller courtesies of life—especially in the case of débutantes.

Lionel returned to the young lady whose fate had just been decided.

"That's all right, Nina," he said. "You are engaged as under-

"That's all right, Nina," he said. "You are engaged as understudy to Miss Girond, and you'll have 3% a week as soon as you have studied her business and are ready to take the part when you're wanted. I will find you a full score, and you may get up some of the other music, when you've nothing better to do. The rehearsals of the under-studies begin on Monday—but I'll see you before then and let you know all about it. You won't mind my running away?—I'm on in the first scene. There is Mrs. Grey waiting for you—you must go and get something to eat—and when you come back, call at the stage-door, and you'll find an envelope waiting for you, with two places in it—the dress circle, if it can be managed, for I want you to be some distance away from the orchestra. Good-bye, Nina!" She held his hand for a moment.

"Leo, I thank you," she said, regarding him with her dark eyes; and then he smiled and waved another farewell to her as he disappeared; and she was left to make her way with her patient caperon out of this great, hollow, portentous building, that was now resounding with mysterious clankings and calls

And it was from a couple of seats in the back of the drags circle.

now resounding with mysterious clankings and calls

And it was from a couple of seats in the back of the dress-circle that Mrs. Grey and her young charge heard the comedy-opera of The Squire's Daughter; and Lionel knew they were there; and no doubt he sang his best—for if Nina had been showing off what she could do in the morning, why should not he show off now, amid all these added glories of picturesque costumes and surroundings? Nina was in an extraordinary state of excitement, which she was unable altogether to conceal. Mrs. Grey could hear the little muttered exclamations in Italian; she could see how intently that expressive face followed the progress of the piece, reflecting its every movement, as it were; she caught a glimpse of tears on the long dark lashes when Lionel was singing with impassioned fervour his love-lorn serenade; and then the next moment she was astonished by the vehemence of the girl's delight when the vast house thundered forth its applause—indeed, Nina herself was clapping her hands furiously, to join in the universal roar of a recall—she was laughing with joy—she appeared to have gone mad. Then at the end of the second act she said quickly—

"Mrs. Grey, can I send to him a note?—is there letter-paper?"

"Well my dear if we could be refreshment-room and have a

of the second act she said quickly—
"Mrs. Grey, can I send to him a note?—is there letter-paper?"
"Well, my dear, if we go into the refreshment-room and have a cup of tea, perhaps one of the young ladies could give us a sheet of

cup of tea, perhaps one of the young ladies could give us a sheet of writing-paper."

And thus it was that Lionel, when he was leaving the theatre that night, found a neatly-folded little note awaiting him. He was in a considerable hurry; for he had to go home and dress and get off to a crush in Grosvenor Square, where he hoped to find Lady Adela Cunyngham, her sisters, and Miss Georgie Lestrange (there was some talk of an immediate presentation of the little pastoral comedy), so that he had only time to glance over Nina's nervously-pencilled scrawl. Thus it ran—

Leo, it is magnificent, it is splendid, you are a true artist, to-morrow I write to Pandiani, he will be overjoyed as I am. But Miss Burgoyne—no, no, no—she is not artist at all—she is negligent to the other in the scene ask mutaup her for and talks Miss Burgoyne—no, no, no—she is not artist at all—she is negligent of her part, of the others in the scene—she puts up her fan, and talks to you from behind it—why you allow that?—it is insult to the public! She believes not her part; and makes all the rest false. What a shame to you, Leo; but your splendid voice, your fine timbre, carries everything! Bravo, my Leo! It is a great trionf, brilliant, beautiful, and Nina is proud of her friend. Good night from

As Lionel was spinning along Piccadilly in his swift hansom, it occurred to him that if Nina were going to join the Squire's Daughter company, it might be just as well for her not to have any preconceived antipathy against Miss Burgoyne. For Miss Burgoyne was an important person at the New Theatre.

(To be continued)



EVERYBODY will think of Mr. Balfour when reading Mr. Barry EVERYBODY will think of Mr. Balfour when reading Mr. Barry O'Brien's "Thomas Drummond's Life and Letters" (Kegan Paul), and will note the diametrically opposite methods of the two Secretaries. Drummond, for instance, disbelieved in intimidation. When, after an agrarian murder, the Tipperary J.P.'s complained that juries were afraid to do their duty, he gave three reasons for emphatically denying the fact—first, statistics showing a pretty equable percentage of convictions; next, the opinion of the stipendiary magistrates: lastly, the unlikelihood of Clopmel townsmen emphatically denying the fact—first, statistics showing a pretty equable percentage of convictions; next, the opinion of the stipendiary magistrates; lastly, the unlikelihood of Clonmel townsmen (the great majority of the panel) fearing visits from Whiteboys. The same J.P.'s pleaded for "the good old custom of chalfinging" (the "jury packing" of to-day, in which one of the Judges is thought to be such an adept that he is nicknamed "Peter the Packer"). Drummond defined the right named "Peter the Packer"). Drummond defined the right named "Peter the Packer" of challenge, which (he said) Government would always use, but never abuse. This letter contained the famous axiom, "Property has its duties as well as its rights," and it traced the cause of agrarian crime to the landlords haste to exchange "voter-breeding" (profitless since the disfranchisement of the 40s. freeholders) for improved farming, and therefore larger holdings. Lord Donoughmore thought this letter so dangerous that he did not show it even to his brother magistrates. They first saw it when, after his examination before the House, it was printed in the newspapers. Equally summary was Drummond's way of putting down the faction fights, &c., in which the gentry had encouraged the people's super-

fluous energy to expend itself. In several cases (e.g., the Sunday nights in the Phonix) he did this by purely personal influence. He accomplished also the rare feat of catching a few Ribbonmen—for he forced the police to carry out the ordinary law; and the peasantry, trusting him, acted with instead of against him. This trus: was mainly due to his firm repression of Orange swagger as well as of Orange brutality. Of the latter Mr. O'Brien gives several instances. Perhaps the worst was the shooting by an Orange Lodge Master and others into a crowd of young people dancing round a bonfire on St. Peter's Eve. A lad of nineteen and a boy of ten were killed. Of the former a typical example is Colonel Verner's reply to the Viceroy's inquiry: "Did he at an election dinner drink the toast "The Battle of the Diamond?" "I am disposed to think," answered the Colonel, "that when you put a question in this form you can hardly expect, on cool reflection, that I should condescend to answer it;" whereupon he was promptly relieved of his duties as J.P. and as Deputy-Lieutenant. Drummond made English rule popular, though the Whigs did not pass a single remedial measure. O'Connell liked and trusted him, and the feeling was reciprocated. In being uncontrolled by his chief he agrees with Mr. Balfour, and also in his firmness in carrying out his plans; but there the agreement ends. We have no space to speak of Drummond the inventor. Mr. O'Brien tells well the story of the limelight; he also details the "Fairman plot" to dethrone William IV., and to put on the throne the Duke of Cumberland, Grand Master of the Orange Society in Great Britain and Ireland. Drummond killed himself with overwork.

"Tribes on My Frontier" was very good. "Behind the

work.
"Tribes on My Frontier" was very good. "Behind the Bungalow" (Thacker, London and Calcutta) is even better. Anglo-Bungalow" (Thacker, London and Calcutta) is even better. Anglo-Indians will see how truthful are these sketches of "the greatest plagues" in Indian as in English life. People who know nothing about India will delight in the clever drawings and the truly humorous descriptions, and, their appetite for fun being gratified, they will not fail to note the undercurrent of sympathy. The writer laughs at the dog-boys,' the ayahs', the mussauls' peculiarities, but he feels for them, and is careful to bring out their good points.

"Pater Noster" (W. Hurst), the Rev. Gilbert Karney's parting gift to his late congregation on Downshire Hill, consists of ten thoughtful sermons on an inexhaustible subject.—"Sursum Corda" (Kegan Paul), by the author of "Theodora, and Other Poems," is a dainty volume of "song and service," the former (some of them very good) predominating. The introduction discusses the origin of the title; "it was used in the catacombs by those whose hands traced the chi rho."

Mr. J. F. Ingram's "Land of Gold, Diamonds, and Ivory" (L.

Mr. J. F. Ingram's "Land of Gold, Diamonds, and Ivory" (L. Mr. J. F. Ingram's "Land of Gold, Diamonds, and Ivory" (L. Whittingham) is, as it claims to be, a comprehensive handbook and guide to the Colonies, stations, and Republics of South and East Africa. Mr. Ingram does full justice to the labours of Baines and of Carl Mauch. The Rev. A. Merensky's notice of the ruined cities of Monomotapa is full of interest. The book treats of outfit, diet, diseases for

of Carl Mauch. The Rev. A. Merensky's notice of the ruined cities of Monomotapa is full of interest. The book treats of outfit, diet, diseases, &c.

Mr. Bromhall, Secretary of the China Inland Mission, has gathered into "The Evangelisation of the World" (Morgan and Scott) all the notices of Mr. C. T. Studd and his comrades and of their initial labours in China which appeared in "A Missionary Band," and has supplemented them with new matter, extracts from sermons, &c. Of the latter some of the titles are ill-chosen; for instance, "The Condition of the Heathen World," by Lady Kinnaird, contains not one word on a subject which, where China is in question, is all-important. One wants to know the relative amount of prostitution in China and England, the murder-rate, the convictions for fraud, &c. Instead of this Mr. Spurgeon assures us, in the exact phrase of an African witch-doctor, "he knows some men can get anything they like in prayer." One wonders why such men do not bring rest and Mentone within reach of the sweaters' victims and worn-out schoolmistresses, "Oh for some five hundred Elijahs, each one upon his Carmel, crying unto God," shouts Mr. Spurgeon. Alas, the Embankment rough, the Islington High Street rowdy, would treat these spiritual cheap-jacks as those unmannerly children at Bethel did Elijah's successor. And how would the Chinese be moved by them? One thing is certain, they fully appreciate medical missions, like that for which Mr. Schofield laboured and died. As for Mr. Studd and his band, they offered themselves nobly; but they, least of all, would wish for such a flourish of trumpets, and we forget that, though the thing is rare in our Church, under the Roman obedience men of rank and position and great prospects are always dedicating themselves quietly, and no one in or out of their own Church is astonished at their so doing.

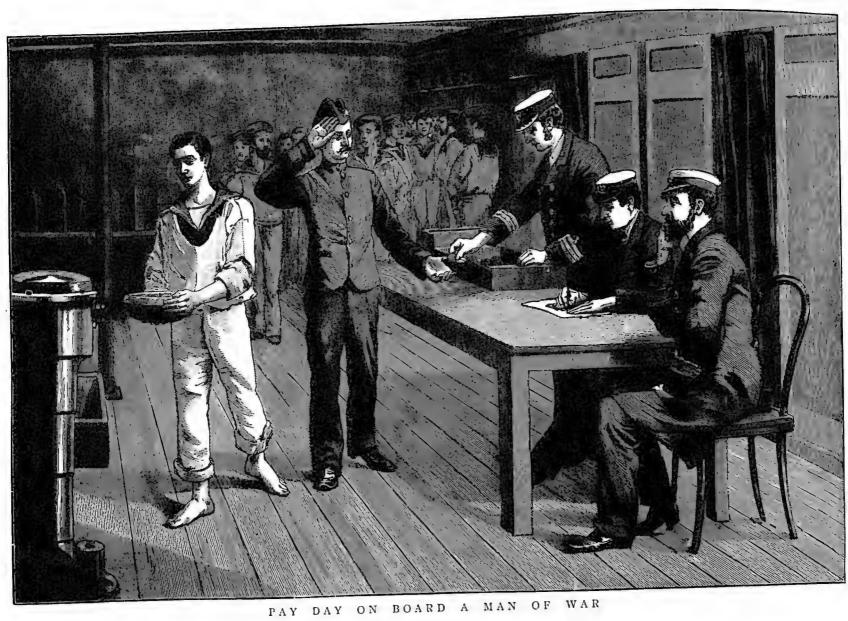
Those who have read the "Pays des Milliards" will know what to expect from Tissot's "Unknown Switzerland" (Hodder and Stoughton). The edition from which Mrs. Wilson transl

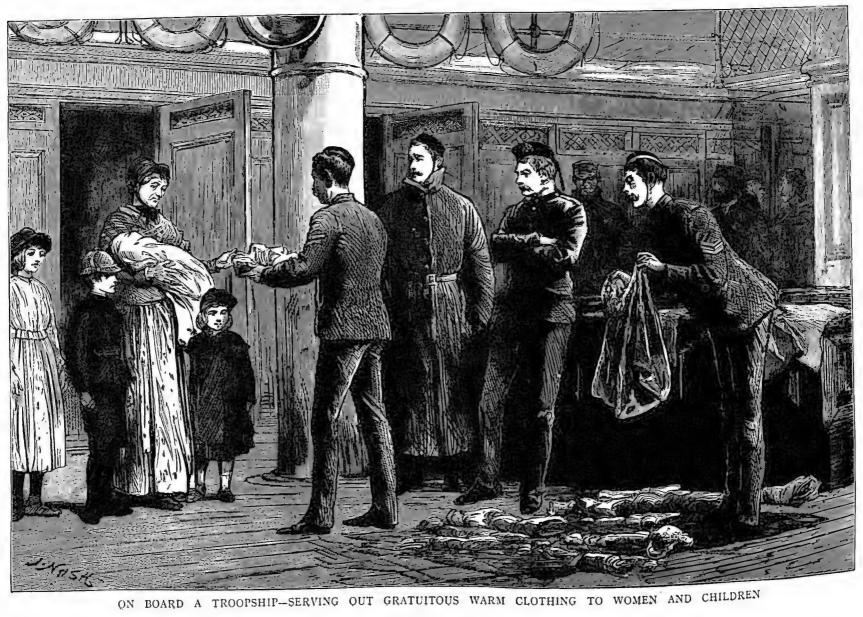
Friburg seize your camera and fine you if you photograph on a

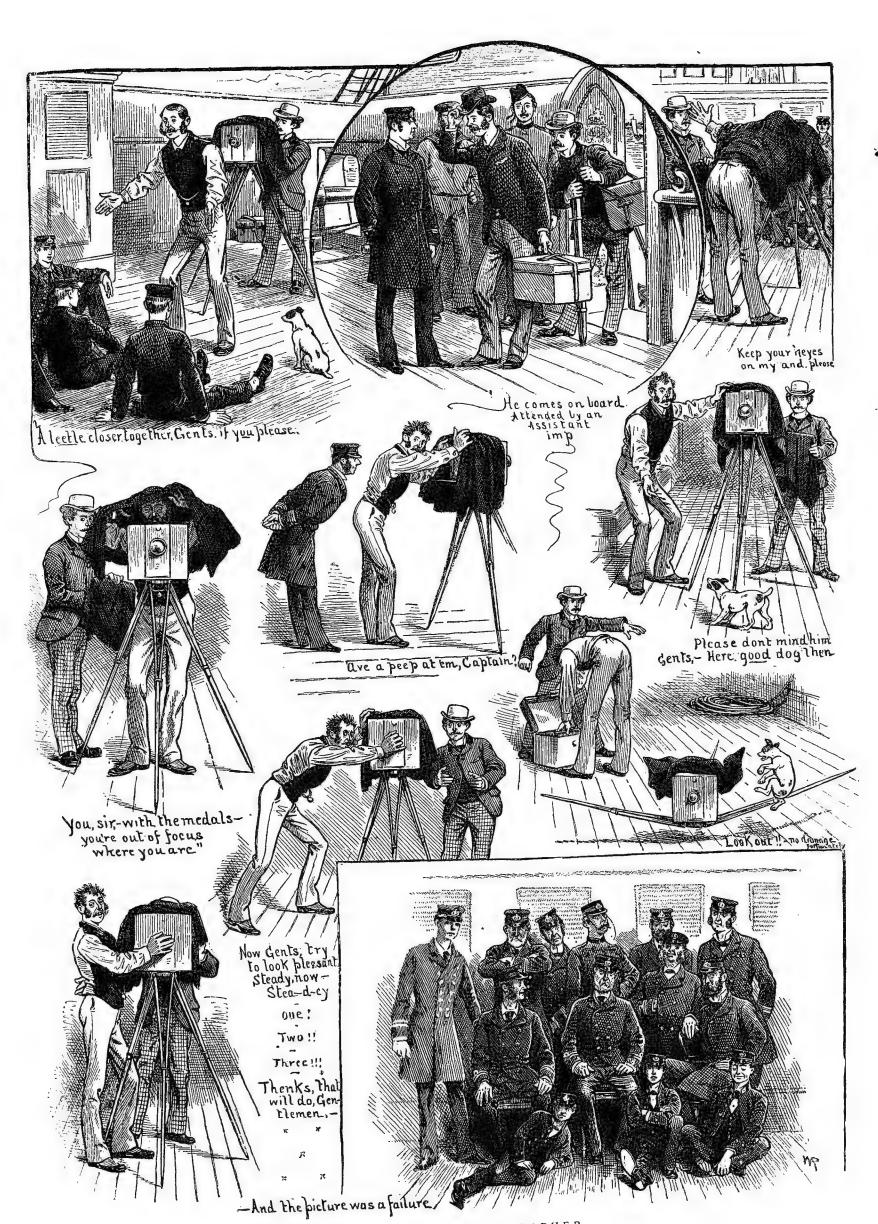
Sunday, is irresistible.

One grows young again in reading "A Ramble Round France" and "Chats About Germany," two volumes of the "Higher Class Readers" (Cassell). The letterpress reminds us of "Mary and Florence on Their Travels," and of the much more modern "Near Home." But even half a generation ago they had no such woodcuts as those which are so striking a leature of Mr. J. Chesney's and Miss Maggie Brown's books. Some of these are worth pages of description, e.g., "Doll-making at Sonneberg," near Coburg. The pictures of Breton costumes, too, are excellent, as are those of Breton buildings. Of course there are degrees of fitness; and what is to be learnt from the young man in top-boots striking a tragic attitude as he reads what we may suppose is a bill, we cannot tell. He is labelled "German Student," and he certainly needs identification. Both volumes will be a delight to young readers, and will make foreigners seem like old friends when the first trip across the Channel is taken. Mr. Chesney is historical; he describes the war Channel is taken. Mr. Chesney is historical; he describes the war and the siege of Paris; but surely in stigmatising the Commune he anticipates. Whether it was Thiers' shells or the quasi-mythical anticipates. Whether it was Thiers' shells or the quasi-mythical anticipates. Whether it was Thiers' shells or the quasi-mythical anticipates. Who burned so many public buildings, the Commune petroleuses who burned so many public buildings, the Commune certainly did not begin in that way. Except the Vendôme Column, which was pulled down on principles of universal brotherhood, they which was pulled down on principles of universal brotherhood, they which was pulled down on principles were in the city. Mr. Chesney touched nothing till the Versaillese were in the city. Mr. Chesney should not say the Madelaine; children's eyes should be early used Captain M. H. Hayes' "Illustrated Horse-Breaking" (Thacker,

Laptain M. H. Hayes "Hustrated Horse-Breaking" (Thacker, London and Calcutta, &c.) owes to Mr. Oswald Browne the fifty-two engravings which add so much to its value. It is a practical book, the work of one who, in "the Buffs" and elsewhere, has well learnt his enthety. Cartain Hayes is a great believed in "the Suffs." his subject. Captain Hayes is a great believer in "pulling the head round." In stable a horse cannot kick when thus treated and his subject. Captain Hayes is a great believer in "pulling the head round." In stable a horse cannot kick when thus treated; and, when he has fallen, it is a far surer way of keeping him down than "sitting on his head." The Captain is a disciplinarian—would use a strait-jacket when other means fail; and for that trying fault







THE DEMON PHOTOGRAPHER
HIS VISIT TO AN IRONCLAD AT SPITHEAD

# THE GRAPHIC

jibbing he recommends putting the horse down three or four times.

jibbing he recommends putting the horse down three or four times. Besides dealing with tricks such as tail-rubbing, Captain Hayes has an amusing chapter on the kind of tricks shown in circuses. Bowing, saying "No," &c., are mostly taught by pricking with a pin. That D'Anvers' "Students' Art Handbooks" (Sampson Low) supply a real need is proved by the "Elementary History of Painting" and that of "Sculpture and Architecture" both having reached a third edition. The former has had the advantage of Mr. F. Cundall's thorough revision. Professor Roger Smith, of University College, has revised and written an introduction to the latter. In the former, the schools of painting are carefully described; and of each painter the examples in our National and other Galleries are mentioned. Special attention is given to the Spanish school; and in the English miniaturists, who succeeded Holbein, Horebout, and Teerlinck, Special attention is given to the Spanish school; and in the English miniaturist; who succeeded Holbein, Horebout, and Teerlinck, viz.: Gwilin Stretes, to whom we probably owe many of our "Holbeins," Nicholas Hilliard, the Oliviers, &c., the author breaks new ground. The chapter on painting in America will be read with interest, though W. Morris Hunt is the only living Transatlantic painter thought worthy of name. In the "Architecture" it is curious to see the transition from Romanesque to Pointed illustrated in the church of St. Jak in Hungary. Mr. D'Anvers does not notice, what strikes most travellers, the flatness that gives a poverty-stricken look to much German Pointed work; though his illustration, St. Catherine's Church, Oppenheim, is a notable instance of this.



THE SEASON.—The last fortnight of July contained about twice as much rain and half as much sunshine as was required, and twice as much rain and half as much sunshine as was required, and this divergency from legitimate midsummer expectations must be held to have reduced the promise of the two principal cereal crops in a rather serious degree. Wheat, which had been remarkably healthy up to July 14th, has since that date developed rust in some parts, and in others mildew, while barley is now expected to be the least satisfactory of the three cereals. It may be added, as a direct effect of the weather, that potato disease has broken out in Ireland, and is spreading. The hay crop is fully secured, and the ricks are exceedingly numerous, while the hay itself is of exceptionally fine and nutritious quality. An estimate recently published puts the value of the hay crop of the United Kingdom at a hundred millions sterling, or about double that of the three chief cereal crops combined. Whether or no these figures be correct, there is no doubt that a fine hay crop affords an enormous stimulus to agriculture, leading to more stock being bred, and to stock already existing yielding more food for man, more milk, more wool, besides fetching leading to more stock being bred, and to stock already existing yielding more food for man, more milk, more wool, besides fetching better prices in the markets. Roots promise a fair, but not a heavy, crop. The mangolds have grown very fast during July, but swedes are backward, and a small acreage. Turnips, however, are a fine crop, and the late rains have brought them on capitally. Hops will be a very variable crop, but, as an experienced judge of this plant. be a very variable crop, but, as an experienced judge of this plant remarks, "it is a plant peculiarly liable to be affected by atmospheric influences, which vary in different localities, so that in the same season one grower may make his fortune while another elsewhere finds himself with little or nothing to sell. The hop reports have, as usual, a reverse side, and although the fly has been dishave, as usual, a reverse side, and although the fly has been dishave, as usual, a reverse side, and although the fly has been dishave, as usual, a reverse side, and although the fly has been dishave, as usual, a reverse side, and although the fly has been dishave, as usual, a reverse side, and although the fly has been dishave, as usual, a reverse side, and although the fly has been dishaved. persed, and is now scarcely anywhere to be seen, mould is spreading in some places, and is specially developed in East Sussex and West Kent." If we have a hot August the mould will doubtless go off, Kent." It we have a hot August the mould will doubtless go off, but the rainy weather and low temperature which have created it must also disappear before we can hope for the hops themselves showing improvement. Rye and early peas have already been cut, and also winter oats; all these are fair crops this year, without being anything extraordinary. Beans and peas have improved during July, and should be a very decided improvement on the yield of last year. on the yield of last year.

on the yield of last year.

SCOTLAND.—While the above observations do not include North Britain, advices from Scotland inform us that the crops have a generally healthy appearance. A correspondent, writing from Edinburgh, answers our inquiry as to whether July rains have been prejudicial by saying, "On the whole; no. Pasture lands had suffered severely from the June heat." But another writer says, "Hill lambs, except on very hard, steep ground, will, in all likelihood, show to much greater advantage than those which have been reared on arable ground, as dry, warm weather adds very materially to the feeding properties of the natural grasses in the softer portions of the sheep runs, and tells correspondingly against the higher-farmed grasses of the lowland pasturages." Oats have gained ground surprisingly since the rains, but wheat and barley, as was to be expected, have rather gone off. Potatoes in Scotland are looking well, and are free from disease, while turnips escaped injury from the June drought except in a few cases where, being late sown, they have not brairded very regularly. The early-sown turnips, however, are so luxuriant as to be closed in the drills, and to be showing a plentiful growth of shaws. plentiful growth of shaws.

THE PRICE OF STOCK is now such as to enable breeders to pay their way better than they have known how for some years past. Both their way better than they have known now for some years past. Both lambs and store sheep are commanding high prices, and the s ate of trade as reported in the market news of the country Press is chiefly characterised by the word "healthy." At the last "big" market at Norwich store lambs were firm at 30s., and at Canterbury on July 27th the trade for Kent lambs was brisk at from 24s. to 31s., store also a local calling well. There is also a growing demand for all 27th the trade for Kent lambs was brisk at from 24s. to 31s., store sheep also selling well. There is also a growing demand for all kinds of superior heavy horses both for home and foreign account, and the demand for lighter Horses is fair at fair prices. All sorts of cattle are well held for good quality, the mean price being about 5s. per stone of 8 lb. The poorer grades, however, have been weakened by imports from Canada.

THE LINCOLNSHIRE SHOW just held at Louth was remarkable for the number and excellence of the horses shown. cattle at Louth be taken as an index, then the Shorthorn breed of cattle at Louth be taken as an index, then the Shorthorn breed of cattle have conquered all competition in this county, and now extend the frontiers of their predominance from the Scottish Border on the north to the Fen Border on the south, where they touch on the Norfolk redpolls, and to Chester on the west, where they meet the Herefords. There was also at Louth a grand display of the Lincolnshire breed of long-woolled sheep, but the swine classes were not estification.

THE LANCASHIRE SHOW last week was not the centre of much agricultural interest. The cattle contained some good farmers' agricultural interest. The cattle contained some good lariners stock, but the interest was purely local. The four dairy classes were well arranged and well filled, but call for no special comment. The features worthy of more extended notice were the agricultural horses, which were very fine indeed, the Shropshire and Leicester sheep, which were very favourable displays of the respective breeds, and the show of pigs, which was excellent, and a lesson to most of the Societies in the south and east of England. the Societies in the south and east of England.

AGRICULTURAL ALLOTMENTS.—A stiff discussion took place on this subject last week in the House of Commons, when the Lord Advocate of Scotland applied for power to enable the Scotlish County Councils to purchase land for agricultural allotments. Sir W. Foster took exception to a proposed artificial creation of allot-

ments, which, he said, should be allowed to follow and not precede local inquiry for them. The Act in England had, he said, proved a delusion, and had been a grievous disappointment. He wished to see the labourer enabled to get land on the same terms as the farmer. There had only been five loans for allotment purposes all over England, and it had cost 8,500% to purchase eighty-five acres, which was a price clearly showing that the labourer under present which was a locally on the become the holder of land. Mr. conditions could not hope to become the holder of land. Mr. W. H. Smith as usual "deprecated a wide discussion so late in the Session," but he thought an extension of facilities for obtaining Session," but he thought an extension of facilities for obtaining agricultural allotments in Scotland would be beneficial to the smaller occupiers of that country. The clauses were eventually abandoned.

THE NEW MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE.—The cabal which the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, and especially the Duke of Richmond and Lords Kimberley and Spencer, are raising in order to defeat, and, as far as possible, cripple, the Government, in creating a new and powerful Ministry cripple, the Growth as a severe but useful and well-merited rebuke from the Field. which, as a Conservative journal of the highest the Field, which, as a Conservative journal of the highest possible repute among the country gentry, repudiates the jealousies of the Royal Agricultural Society in terms not widely divorced from contempt for what it stigmatises as the infirmities of a Mutual Admiration Society alexand at the appearance shows the horizon contempt for what it stigmatises as the infirmities of a Mutual Admiration Society, alarmed at the appearance above the horizon of a new power in English agriculture which will be able not only to do for agriculture what the Royal Agricultural Society of England has never yet even attempted, but to criticise effectually, and, perhaps, to call to account the manner in which such work as has been carried out by the Royal Agricultural Society of England and other Societies similar to it, has really been performed. The very pith and marrow of the new measure lies in the provision which it includes for the presence of a Minister in the House of Commons, whose duty it shall be to satisfy public opinion as to the working whose duty it shall be to satisfy public opinion as to the working of the various forces, voluntary and otherwise, by which the fortunes of the occupiers of the land are controlled. We believe that such a Minister would very early have questions put to him as to the operation of voluntary Societies. We know that many people hope for this; and we do not at all agree that these hopes of the agricultural mind will never be realised." To which sentiment we give a hearty and general assent. It will be learned with much satisfaction that a

Forestry.—It will be learned with much satisfaction that a Lectureship on Forestry has been established in the University of Edinburgh. It is an important step towards increasing the utility of Scottish moor and mountain land, hundreds of thousands of acres of which might be made to grow useful trees, to the improvement of the national climate and increase of the national wealth. The choice of a first lecturer has been singularly happy. It has fallen on Mr. William Somerville, a bachelor in science and doctor in political economy at the University, and a well-known enthusiast in matters of scientific agriculture. Mr. Somerville studied at Munich University after leaving Edinburgh, and followed with especial interest the forestry classes for which the Bavarian University is distinguished. The lectures will begin in October, and be delivered twice or three times a week till June, a hundred lectures constituting a year's course.

lectures constituting a year's course.



WE learn from "The Mysteries of Deepdene Manor," by Frank WE learn from "The Mysteries of Deepdene Manor," by Frank Mauduit (I vol.: Digby and Long), that in Somersetshire, and in the reign of George II.—not a hundred and fifty years ago—an inn-keeper through whose hands had passed a cask of brandy supposed to be smuggled, and (unknown to him) a letter in cypher suspected of being treasonable, was tried by the county magistrates sitting in secret; that the officer of dragoons who arrested him attended the Court with a sealed paper, not to be opened till after the trial; that the innkeeper pleaded guilty as to the brandy; that the sealed paper then proved to be a warrant from the Privy Council ordering his immediate execution; and that he was thereupon hung upon paper then proved to be a warrant from the rrivy Council ordering his immediate execution; and that he was thereupon hung upon the nearest tree. We were, however, the less unprepared for the incident by having already learned that the news of Preston Pans had reached that same remote Somersetshire village, viá France and the English and Bristol Chappale many days asset that it had reached that same remote Somersetshire village, vià France and the English and Bristol Channels, many days sooner than it was known in London. And we are thus the less surprised to find that the hero, condemned to the scaffold for high treason, was reprieved, and ultimately pardoned, on the ground that the villain had behaved badly to a village girl. After this, the extension of pardon to a smuggler who had blown up with gunpowder exactly half a regiment of dragoons is nothing; we are even driven to the dreadful suspicion that "Jacobinism" for "Jacobitism" may not be merely a printer's error; and not even a stretch of generosity can burden the printer with the unmistakeable statement that "Bonnie Prince Charlie" and "James III." were one and the same. We cannot conscientiously recommend "The Mysteries of Deepdene Manor" for giving young people an idea of the political or social history of a hundred and fifty years ago. No doubt the history of the last two centuries wants a good deal of re-writing, but there are limits to the process—especially where fiction is concerned.

"The Secret of the Lamas," as described in an anonymous

to the process—especially where fiction is concerned.

"The Secret of the Lamas," as described in an anonymous "Tale of Thibet" (I vol.: Cassell and Co.), appears to be a machine for producing flash-lights accompanied by thunder-like reports, used for signalling at coastguard stations and lighthouses. Having spent many years of exile in acquiring this instrument, together with the power of walking on air, Mr. Cecil Aylward employs it to startle a Mr. Pearson, while in the act of murdering his wife, and tumbling out of a window in Half Moon Street and spiking himself upon the rails below. The adventures among the Lamas are, to say the least, such as to throw considerable doubts Lamas are, to say the least, such as to throw considerable doubts upon their reputation for wisdom; and, after all, though their tricks upon travellers are described, as to how the tricks are performed the curious investigator of the secrets of the Mahatmas is formed the curious investigator of the secrets of the Mahatmas is left as ignorant as ever. The author handsomely acknowledges his obligations to Father Huc's "Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China," for certain descriptive passages; and these will be found as curious and interesting as ever. The occult business, however, cannot be regarded as up to the standard of extravagance now demanded. Deliberate silliness ought to be thorough or nothing; and more successful because more thorough silliness is turned out

wholesale everyday.

Mr. J. W. Southern, author of "Fannette; or, a Brave Young Woman: a Shropshire Romance" (I vol.: Jesse Salisbury), has not been afraid to attempt a revival of that good old blood-and-thunder style of fiction which still lingers upon the stage. Long extracts alone could give any idea of the rhetorical pomp in which are displayed the woes of the persecuted heroine amid a little army of melodramatic villains. It is of the nature of such a story to be ot metodramatic vitiains. It is of the nature of such a story to be too complicated for description; but that the situations are pretty stiff may be judged from the last, where, after a visit in his prison cell from "Painful Recollection, the mother of Remorse and daughter of Nemesis, whom Black Night brought forth in the depths of Tartarus," and whose "mission is to wring your soul with anguish"—a lady to whom the very natural answer is "Go away!" -the arch villain, with the hangman's rope round his neck, knocked his mother down the ladder of the gallows, so that "a bloody, shapeless, lifeless mass lay on the pavement below." A novel written throughout in this style has, at any rate, the merit of

reviving certain ancient recollections, though whether they are worth reviving is another matter.

Were Josephine Michell not described on the title-page as the Were Josephine Michell not described on the title-page as the author of other works of fiction, we should have taken "Anstruther's Wife" (I vol.: Roper and Drowley) as an unprecedented example of inexperience in fiction. It seems incredible, but it is a fact, that the authoress tells the story of a husband who mistook his wife's brother for a lover—nay, makes it her entire plot, just as simply the complete as if it were a discovery of her very own, and not be and innocently as if it were a discovery of her very own, and not a theme of which every possible variation has been played about a thousand times. What makes the matter worse is that the story ends unhappily, without the least occasion. Nor is there any more ends unhappily, without the deal occasion. And is there any more originality about the dramatis personae than about their excee lingly originality about the aramais persons standing. The novel is certainly harmless enough, and may possibly please persons who

dislike novetty.

"Little Hand and Muckle Gold: a Study of To-day," by "X L"

(3 vols: Blackwood and Sons), is an exceptionally disagreeable
piece of work; and all the more so by reason of its unquestionable
cleverness. "X. L." revels in repulsive characters and incidents,
expecially for their own sake; and he reaches his climax in a horrible picture of hydrophobia with all its symptoms and in all its stages. Nor is this repulsive merely, but is a grossly bad piece of art, seeing that there was no necessity for anything of the kind. The effect of what is known as French realism—we wish there was a better phrase—is obvious throughout, but not the study of French construction. The idea of anybody, of any order of taste, reading this story for pleasure is not to be supposed.

#### RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THE Lady Middleton gives to the world an epic poem of much power, beauty, and interest in "The Story of Alastair Bhan Comyn, or the Tragedy of Dunphail" (William Blackwood). The work is based on an episode arising out of the Comyn and Randolph feuds. The inhuman treatment of Alastair Bhan Comyn, the popular hero of the Clan Comyn on the banks of Ern and in the wifeith of Dorb, by Randolph Farl of Moray repeters the the popular hero of the Cian Comyn on the banks of Ern and in the vicinity of Dorb, by Randolph, Earl of Moray, rendered that name for a long time odious to the Highlanders. The loves of Alastair and Ydonea, Lord Moray's ward, are very prettily and sympathetically described. In Lupola, Ydonea's maid, we have the idea of the Wehr-wolf as a beautiful woman, wearing the brute's very in her formal symplance, borrowed from a waird story of Mercaring the story of Mercaring the symplance borrowed from a waird story of Mercaring the story of Mercaring the story of Mercaring the story of Mercaring the symplance borrowed from a waird story of Mercaring the story of Mercaring the story of Mercaring the story of Mercaring the symplance borrowed from a waird story of Mercaring the story of idea of the wenr-wolf as a beautiful woman, wearing the brute's eyes in her female semblance, borrowed from a weird story of Mr. George Macdonald's, which appeared in the first edition of "Robert Falconer." Lady Middleton embodies, pathetically, in this personage the thought of the warfare between the animal and spiritual natures. The poem is redolent of the forest and the gien, of the Highland river and of the Moray coast. It is interspersed with Highland river and of the Moray coast. It is interspersed with songs born of close observation of nature and life. The "darksome beeches" of the Northern woods suggest these questions:-

Oh thou greenwood Queen! Meet spouse for royal Oak, thy monarch mate When art thou fairest? In the morning vest Of Spring's ethereal, palest, tenderest green? Thy noontide richness of intense July? Or the state robing of an Autumn eve?

The dark, stern, cruel baron of the Highland border is aprly pietured in Randolph, whose combination of ferocity and sagacity comes out clearly in these words of rebuke and counsel to Denys Ydonea's French cousin :-

Clear thou thy brain
Of books, forsooth!—there's too much prate of books! OI DOOKS, torsooth:—there s too much prate of DOOKS
Go, read ye men! Study the brow's spread page!
The deep and dangerous index of the eye,
The lip that smiles to mask, or masks a smile;
Read ye the meaning of the words that lie,
Sound fair when foulest, sting when seeming sooth:

Study thyself, young Denys; and when learned, Thou may'st be master of the multitude For all thy halting person.

This epic of the Cummings is certainly a work of sustained intel-

This epic of the Cummings is certainly a work of sustained intellectual effort, and should command appreciation from all who care for poetry of a high order, and for the legends of the wild and stormy past of the Scottish moors and glens.

Mr. Charles Hardy shows signs of much promise in "My Boy's Request, and Other Poems" (Remington and Co.). He might be more careful in his rhymes, and his verse may lack finish. To that honest general public, however, which does not wait to be told by officious and attitudinising mentors where it is right to laugh or weep, there is much that will appeal. There is genuine pathos in "My Boy's Request" and "Good-bye;" while plain people "My Boy's Request" and "Good-bye; beginning:—

Will you meet me. Charley darling when the clock is striking nine.

Will you meet me, Charley, darling, when the clock is striking nine.
When the policeman's round the corner, and the master's out to dine!
I have kept the pickled salmon and the lobster for a spread,
And the oysters from the party that I hid behind the bed.



THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.—A "Morning Service, Te Deum and Jubilate in G," principally in chant form for voices in unison and occasional harmony, arranged from various sources, and composed by S. Claude Ridley, will prove a useful addition to the repertoire of an ordinary church choir.—Erskine Allon is making steady progress in the right direction; his "Second is making steady progress in the right direction; his "Second Sonata in G Minor" for pianoforte is a musicianly composition. A pleasing pianoforte piece for the drawing-room is "Gavotte in E Allah," by T. J. Clark.—Two fairly good waltzes are "Moira," by A. N. Garrett, and "Muscatella," by Gerthan.

MESSRS. WILCOCK BROS.—A pathetic song, written and composed by Lindsay Lennox, is "Only Yesterday; "there is a very good violin obbligato to this song, which is published in three keys.—A neat companion to the above is "Gipsy Life," the spirited keys.—A neat companion to the above is "Gipsy Life," the spirited keys.—A neat companion to the above is "Gipsy Life," the spirited keys.—A neat companion to the above is "Gipsy Life," the spirited keys.—A neat companion to the above is "Gipsy Life," the spirited keys.—A neat companion to the above is "Gipsy Life," the spirited keys.—A neat companion to the above is "Gipsy Life," the spirited keys.—A neat companion to the above is "Gipsy Life," the spirited keys.—A neat companion to the above is "Gipsy Life," the spirited keys.—A neat companion to the above is "Gipsy Life," the spirited keys.—A neat companion to the above is "Gipsy Life," the spirited keys.—A neat companion to the above is "Gipsy Life," the spirited keys.—A neat companion to the above is "Gipsy Life," the spirited keys.—A neat companion to the above is "Gipsy Life," the spirited keys.—A neat companion to the above is "Gipsy Life," the spirited keys.—A neat companion to the above is "Gipsy Life," the spirited keys.—A neat companion to the above is "Gipsy Life," the spirited keys.—A neat companion to the above is "Gipsy Life," the spirited keys.—A n

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—The most important composition in the Organist's Quarterly Journal (Part 73, Vol. XI.) is a masterly arrangement of "The Ancient Yesper Ilymn (Theme, Variations, and Fugue), by William Spark, Mus. Doc. This piece will prove a boon to organists in search of movelties for Church festivals, &c. The "Finale Fuga" is an admirable of the Church festivals, &c. The "Finale Fuga" is an admirable of the Finale Fuga. The three remaining pieces are "Postlule," by Archibald Toase, A.C.O., a carefully written work; a fancy, by Allen Allen, F.C.O., a cheerful piece, worthy of its name; and a processional March," of a somewhat ordinary type, by Halford, Mus. Bac.—No. 44 of Novello's "Parish Choir Book" is a very good setting of the Te Deum in the key of E flat, by Tomas Hutchinson, Mus. Bac., Oxon.—Somewhat late in the day comes a very good setting of the Te Deum in the key of E flat, by Comes a very good setting of the Te Deum in the key of E flat, by Comes a very good setting of the Te Deum in the key of E flat, by Comes a very good setting of the Te Deum in the key of E flat, by Comes a very good setting of the Te Deum in the key of E flat, by Comes a very good setting of the Te Deum in the key of E flat, by Comes a very good setting of the Te Deum in the key of E flat, by Comes a very good setting of the Te Deum in the key of E flat, by Comes a very good setting of the Te Deum in the key of E flat, by Comes a very good setting of the Te Deum in the key of E flat, by Comes a very good setting of the Te Deum in the key of E flat, by Comes a very good setting of the Te Deum in the key of E flat, by Comes a very good setting of the Te Deum in the key of E flat, by Comes a very good setting of the Te Deum in the key of E flat, by Comes a very good setting of the Te Deum in the key of E flat, by Comes a very good setting of the Te Deum in the key of E flat, by Comes a very good setting of the Te Deum in the key of E flat, by Comes a very good setting of the Te Deum in the te Te Deum in the Men of t Disciples of the Tonic Sol Fa system will be pleased with "Oh

Skylark, For Thy Wing" (No. 630), composed by Henry Smart; Make the Car of a Golden Kingcup," from the cantata "The Dicam," music by Sir Michael Costa (631); and "Hear Me When I Call," by King Hall (635).

Make the Oal (1) Michael Costa (631); and "Hear Me When [Call," by King Hall (635).

MESSIS. J. CURWEN AND SONS.—A cantata, which is aptly called "a story with a song," is "The Flower Mission," compiled and I. Graham, from Kate N. Hill's popular story by A. J. Foxwell and J. Graham, from Kate N. Hill's popular story by A. J. Foxwell and J. Graham, from Kate N. Hill's popular story by A. J. Foxwell and J. Graham, from Kate N. Hill's popular story by A. J. Foxwell and caterers for the amusement of children of the poor, but also for those of the for the amusement of self-abnegation. The music with which learn therefrom a lesson of self-abnegation. The music with which elearn therefrom a lesson of self-abnegation. The music with which the simple tale is interspersed is by various composers; it may be easily learnt and sung by little folks, assisted by their elders.—A easily learnt and sung by little folks, assisted by their elders.—A easily learnt and composed by A. J. Foxwell and Clarence Roger-Grow, written and composed by Byne; "Tis Godfrey's Band," a very song, music by John E. W. Byrne; "Tis Godfrey's Band," a very song, music by John E. W. Byrne; "Tis Godfrey's Band," a very song, music by Harry R. Shelley; and "Music Sweet, the Castanet," music by Harry R. Shelley; and "Music Sweet, Awake" (Dance Song), music by Max von Weinzierl. Last of the list of this series is "Merrily We Roam" (Gipsies' Waltz), written and composed by Harry B. Smith and George Schleiffarth.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"Sight-Singing Made Easy," a progressive manual for the use of choir-trainers, directors of vocal classes, &c., by J. H. Lee, is a really original and carefully-compiled little work, which will reward the student who carefully studies it (Edwin Ashdown).—Two love songs, entitled "Hope" and "Serenade," Ashdown).—Two love songs, entitled "Hope" and "Serenade," Ashdown).—By the above composer is also "L'Esperance," an intermezzo for violin and piano (Frederick Pitman).

# A WILTSHIRE SHEEP FAIR

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The great Wiltshire Sheep Fairs are not what they once were. The increased facilities given by the railways for travelling about, and buying sheep independently of fairs, lessened the importance of these once great meetings, and the terrible agricultural depression of the last ten or twelve years has made them mournful memories of a prosperous past. At one great fair last year the number of sheep penned fell off from eighty thousand to sixty thousand, but on the other hand breeders were cheered by the rise in prices, for sheep realised as much as ten shillings more than they did the year before; and the shortness of keep that winter, which caused the number of sheep to fall off, also caused a very large attendance of buyers, breeders, and farmers, so that the better-class animals found a ready sale at fair prices.

farmers, so that the better-class animals found a ready sale at fair prices.

From early dawn the distant bleating of sheep floats over the Downs and the Avon Valley from the flocks converging by every road upon the little Wiltshire Village. The heavy rain of the day refore has laid the dust, but the trampling of thousands of sheep, following on a fine night and a fresh drying breeze, soon cuts up the roads, and sends the dense clouds of chalky dust swirling over the hedges to powder bush, and turf, and uncut corn, a dirty white. Business starts early at these fairs, and the greater number of the day's sales are over before the sun is at its height, for the sheep and ponies have to be got home, and their transport, whether by road or rail, is an anxious and difficult matter.

The upper part of the long field that slopes from the edge of the Downs is divided into extemporised pens by means of wattled hurdles, and in these little enclosures are the pick of the flocks for sale or show. Another field close by is also filled with sheep, and the road is never without a contingent coming or going, for sheep are reckoned by thousands, and not by hundreds, on these occasions.

"Tarrible few sheep." says an ancient shepherd, leaning on his

occasions.

"Tarrible few sheep," says an ancient shepherd, leaning on his staff, and looking with seemingly vacant gaze over the bleating sea of wool, from which rises the strong hot odour of the flock, "tarrible few sheep, surely. Ah! I do mind when there were sheep at fair time!"

staff, and looking with seemingly vacant gaze over the bleating sea of wool, from which rises the strong hot odour of the flock, "tarrible few sheep, surely. Ah! I do mind when there were sheep at fair time!"

The old man apparently takes little interest in what is going on, and his lack-lustre eyes seem, to see next to nothing, but for all that he has long since privately summed up and judged every flock and ram in the fair, and could tell you at a glance the number of sheep in any flock within a very few head.

To the unpractised eye there is a monotonous sameness about sheep—they all look exactly alike, and equally silly in expression; but the shepherd knows every animal from its neighbour, and has no more difficulty in recognising a sheep than a human being. Half way down the field is the pleasure part of the fair, where the gissies have ranged their stalls with gingerbread nuts and sweets, and set up their shooting galleries and swings. They are but poorly patronised at first, for business is going on all day, and the young men and maidens of Wiltshire are shy, and little given to mirth, especially before dusk. Some of the younger farmers are firing at revolving discs, or bobbing bottles, and a youthful farm labourer and his sweetheart are making believe to enjoy themselves in a swinging boat, but the sheepish uneasy grin on their faces, and the solemn countenances of the few lookers-on, show plainly enough that in village opinion such early revelling is unseasonable, and that the time for pleasure has not yet come. Most of the men are seated in the semicircular wooden amphitheatre which faces the auctioneer's box watching with grim intentness the sale of some splendid Down rams that are fetching improved prices, after subdued but spirited competition. Some of the rams are splendid fellows, deep of chest and broad of back, and stalk proudly round the ring, occasionally charging with sudden and disconcerting fury at the two undershepherds, who, with long sticks in their hands, are entrusted with the duty of

gipsy's van, where it is cornered and finally captured, panting, breathless, and trembling with fright. In another minute it is is quiet as if nothing had happened, and its purchaser leads it away, after a great deal of argument about the price, and ties it in triumph behind his cart.

after a great deal of argument about the price, and ties it in triumph behind his cart.

In the late afternoon the fun grows fast and furious. Beer has thawed Lubin, whose decreasing shyness is indicated by his hat, which gets further and further on the back of his head, while Amaryllis with playful shriek and boisterous giggle shows her appreciation of her swain's advances. The rifle-galleries crack ceaselessly, but the percentage of hits falls as the number of shooters increases. The swing proprietor and his family have no need to shout themselves hoarse, but reserve all their strength for the incessant hauling at the ropes, for the swings are always crowded, and under the pressure of eager competition each party's turn gets shorter and shorter. But they are early folk in Wiltshire; the business part of the fair has long since disappeared, and even the pleasure-seekers have to be up soon after dawn for their work; so the jollity comes to an end,—perhaps it is as well that things are not altogether as the old shepherd remembers them,—the gipsy carts prepare to lumber out of the village at daybreak, and the trampled field has peace until another year brings fair day round again.

J. W. P.

# NOTES BY A SWIMMER

NOTES BY A SWIMMER

Some men exhibit an alacrity in sinking. I remember many years ago meeting a bald-headed corpulent Frenchman in a railed enclosure, which served for bathing purposes on the beach of the Isle of Wight. He wore a fancy costume, and was not only equipped with an inflated collar made of some elastic ma'erial, but wore webbed gloves, as if he aspired to compete with ducks in their favourite element. For all this he splashed and panted, and rolled about, until it almost made me weep to look at him.

"Ah, sare!" he sputtered, as he staggered and clutched at the edge of the bath, "I do most vish zat I could swim a leetel."

"Have you been practising long?" I inquired.

"Fifteen year, sare," he answered, with a sad smile.

"It is very simple and easy to acquire," I rejoined, by way of encouragement.

encouragement.

"Ah! for you Englishe," he said, "because ze good Ladye Britannia, she rule de vave—vis me it is au contraire. I have no confidence account."

Confidence, sare!"

Here Monsieur missed his footing and disappeared beneath the water for a few moments, and when he came up, with an expression of abject despondency, I could see that his confidence had gone for

ever.

Here let me remark that this "confidence trick" lures many to their discomfiture. Confiding novices fancy that if they can only muster up courage to rush into the foaming billows and strike out boldly, success must reward their heroic efforts. This is a popular mistake. Method, uniform and measured strokes are essential, not only to graceful movement, but to prevent muscular fatigue and pulmonary exhaustion.

The first time that I bathed on the South Coast my attention was arrested by a bathing-machine, over whose varnished door was

pulmonary exhaustion.

The first time that I bathed on the South Coast my attention was arrested by a bathing-machine, over whose varnished door was written in gilt letters, the startling advertisement, "Pierce—Poet." When its gifted owner approached me with a view to business I was still more surprised, for his demeanour did not at all harmonise with my notion of the pensive minstrel. Instead of being lean, pale, and black-locked, he was remarkably robust, weighing close upon seventeen stone, and had a shock of Rufus-like hair and a raucous voice, better suited to nautical than lyrical performances. We had not been long acquainted, however, before I learnt that he was the popular author of a five-act tragedy, called The Battle of Waterloo (price five shillings) and an "Ode to Grace Darling" (price twopence). But much as I admired his tuneful art, I was still more impressed by his aquatic achievements. He was one of Neptune's darling boys, and had a genius for keeping his Titanic head above water. I have seen him wrestling with and reposing on the waves for an entire hour, performing wonderful feats, flying a kite, discharging arrows from a bow, rolling on the water, moving under it with feet only visible, and cooking a mutton chop on a portable stove, with a bachelor's frying-pan. How many persons he had saved from drowning I cannot remember, but, like all the amphibious tribe to which he belonged, the "Poet Pierce" was brave, tender, and always thinking of other people's safety in preference to his own.

It is a curious fact that excepting men and pigs all animals swim by instinct. Pigs are disqualified owing to the shortness of their forelegs, by which their throats are lacerated. But though great expertness in swimming may not be within the reach of all rational expertness in swimming may not be within the reach of all rational expertness in swimming may not be within the reach of all rational beings, none need despair of attaining a point sufficient for their own personal protection. When the anxious matro

she was not aware that no one can ten exactly what he can do in such an unstable element as water until he tries, yet caution is at all times necessary.

The sensation of feeling that you are out of your depth is not one of unmixed pleasure. I remember when a very little boy, and could only accomplish a few strokes, a schoolfellow, supporting my chin, conducted me across a river about thirty yards wide, and then, laughing, swam away, leaving me to my own devices. The nearest laughing, swam away, leaving me to my own devices. The nearest laughing was half-a-mile distant. I was very doubtful of my ability to swim back unaided, but I resolved to make the attempt, and succeeded, not less to my satisfaction than surprise. All tricks of this kind with young and timid learners should be sternly discountenanced, and put down with a strong hand.

It is very convenient for the swimmer to be able to enjoy that gentle exercise called "treading water." The action referred to is not unlike doing penance on a treadmill. Of course the water must be chin-deep, and the progress is slow but sure; in cases of emergency, however, this expedient is not to be despised. It sometimes happens in river-swimming that the feet become entangled in weeds or rushes, and it is difficult to get rid of them. A friend told weed for rushes, and it is difficult to get rid of them. A friend told me that he once found himself in this predicament, and owed his rescue to being able to keep his head just above water while a companion, diving down with a penknife, severed the band by which he was held captive.

There is no better way of acquiring confidence in the buoyant.

rescue to being able to Reep and the panknife, severed the band by which he panion, diving down with a penknife, severed the band by which he was held captive.

There is no better way of acquiring confidence in the buoyant power of water than by swimming some distance, if your lungs will allow you, under its surface. It is surprising how difficult it is to remain below the surface, the water continually acting as a propeller upwards. Of course your eyes should be kept open to avoid a collision with other dauntless practitioners, and to see what is to be seen in that museum of marine stores—the bed of the ocean.

Some persons are unhappily disqualified for aquatic sports by organic disease. A medical man, remarkable for his fine physique, informed me that he was an exceptionally good swimmer, but having, when a student, had an attack of rheumatic fever, he had ever since suffered from a diseased heart, and that for him to plunge into the sea would be sudden death. He assured me that he often wished he could see some incapable person fall in the water, as in wished he could see some incapable person fall in the water, as in that case he would be bound to rush in to his rescue, and so enjoy a luxury which had been denied him for years. He died without having his eccentric wish gratified.

It is stated by experts that a person falling into the water may keep afloat by such a simple expedient as placing, a hat inverted on the surface, and supporting himself by holding the brim. The arms

being of greater specific gravity than an equal bulk of water are the most potent factors in drowning, and there is nothing so laborious as swimming with the arms extended above your head. Whether an armless man falling into the water would float by his own buoyancy I cannot say, as I have never seen such an accident, and hope I never may.

The perils of sea-bathing would be lessened if diving were eliminated from it. I remember seeing an American dive from a height of 100 feet into the water head foremost with his arms outspread, and while enormous masses of ice were floating with the tide. He seized his opportunity and emerged uninjured, and boasted that he would jump from the top of the Monument if it could be removed to London Bridge. In connection with this point, I have seen a boy dive from the parapet of a canal bridge perfectly erect, feet downwards, without coming to grief. Not always, however, can divers enjoy this impunity in sea-bathing. There is one injunction which ought to be inscribed on every bathing-machine, "Never dive from the roof." The summer before last I was bathing on the Kentish coast when a young man climbed on to the roof of the machine next to mine, and deliberately dived into the water. As he remained under the waves some time, assistance was obtained, and he was lifted out, when it was found that his back was broken. It should be observed that on the beach blocks of stone and heaps of shingle are frequently net with, and it is supposed that this unfortunate diver came into collision with some such obstruction, and owed his death to ignorance or forgetfulness of a fact that can never with safety be ignored.

A. A.

# NORTH BERWICK

NORTH BERWICK

The charming little town and the neighbourhood of North Berwick must be familiar to many of your readers, and a few words from one who ever revisits this pretty Scotch watering-place with pleasure may be welcome to those who are not acquainted with it. To them I would say, come and enjoy the life-giving breezes which are always blowing on its golden sands and green golf-links.

We call it a watering-place now, but I can remember it when it was satisfied with naming itself a fishing-village, when there were no smart houses and large hotels; and though these add to the comfort of visitors, I have a weakness for North Berwick as it was, when we almost considered it our private property.

This summer it is more delicious than ever, and coming straight down, by the "Scotchman," from London's hot pavements and dusty streets, the cool freshness of the salt air and the splashing of the waves, as I wander along the shore, bring new strength and energy to my listless body and mind, and life seems worth living after all. One of the charms of the place is that you never see too much of the people; there is no esplanade, no public promenade, where you cannot help coming across them. No, at North Berwick you may wander along the bents and braes at your own sweet will, and soon get beyond the reach of your fellow-creatures, if you are eccentric enough to wish to do so.

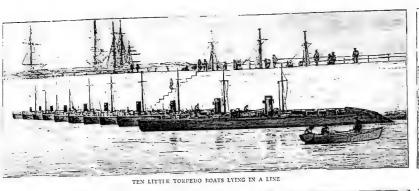
There are many places for you to visit in the neighbourhood. Tantallen Castle, once the home of the Douglases, standing grandly out, high above the blue water — blue as the Bay of Naples it has often been this summer—is well worth visiting, especially as I saw it the other day, with its venerable walls standing in sheets of pink ragged robin; all around on the cliff tops, the yellow crowsfoot and little purple thyme abound, and you can lie with your face buried in the sweet fresh grass, with a murmuring stream sounding in your ears, making its way to the sea below. Or, if you are energetically inclined, you can enter the little postern gate, and

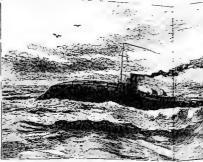
Cockade."

All these spots lie east of North Berwick, and to the west you will fine another fine ruin, old Dirleton Castle, surrounded by beautiful well-cared-for gardens, with close green turf and thickly growing ivy running up to its feet. From the top of it you look down on many-coloured borders of bright flowers, and on one part of the walls are dark patches, which used to thrill us in olden days, said to be marks of pitch poured down when Cromwell's soldiers were besieging the Castle, and, more interesting still to childish eyes, a well down which, tradition says, a mother once threw her baby.

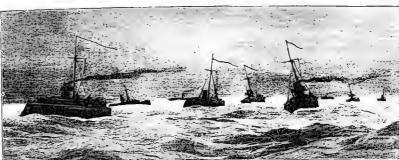
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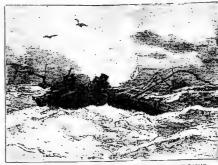
There are many pretty drives all round North Berwick. Dunbar and Haddington are both within reach, the former with but few remains of its castle, and the latter with its Abbey church, in which lies buried Jane Welsh Carlyle. If you are too lazy to do more than stroll, you can walk down the main street, alas no longer as quaint as I can remember it, into "Quality Street," paved and over-shadowed by trees, reminding you of a foreign town, past two picturesque old houses, "The Bee Hive," low, and long, and ivy-covered, and "The Lodge," tall, and white, and rambling, with a splendid old horse chestnut at its door, in both of which still reside some of the said "Quality"—past these through the pretty little some of the said "Quality" the past these through the pretty little some of the said "Quality" that we provide the pretty little some of the said "Quality" stands up high, conical and green, North Berwick's one hill, "The Law," which is the favourite Sunday walk of the inhabitants, especially on one particular Sunday in harvest time, called "Stooky Sunday," when good luck is said to be the result of your climb. A Sunday or two ago, most of the inhabitants were differently employed. An open-air service was held in one of the little west bays, and as we strolled that way after luncheon, the clergy and choir of the Episcopal Church wound across the sands in front of us, their white surplices fluttering in the wind. As we reached the little bay, the strains of a hymn were borne towards us, and the higher ground above was crowded by people, who were sitting and standing also on the rocks around. We found a place not far distant, and most picturesque the whole scene appeared—the white groups below, the bright blue sea keyond, the rocks running out into it, and, in the distance, the little red harbour and fisher



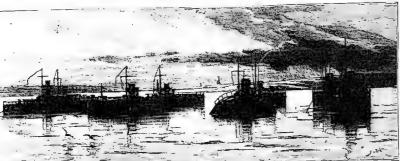


ONE PUT TO SEA AGAIN AND THEN THERE WERE NIVE

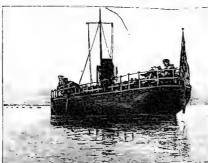


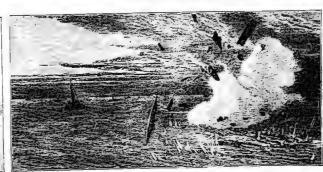


ONE SHOOK ITSELF IN HALF AND THEN THERE WIRE EIGHT



LIGHT LITTLE TORPEDO BOATS ANCHOR'D IN MILFORD HAVEN





SEVEN LITTLE TORPEDO HOATS HAD SUCH NAUGHTY TRICKS, ONE'S LITTLE BOILER BURST AND SO THERE WERE SIX



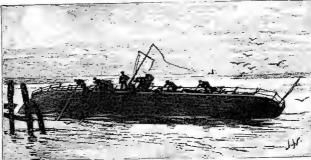
SIX LITTLE TORPEDO BOATS AT PORTSMOUTH DID ARRIVE



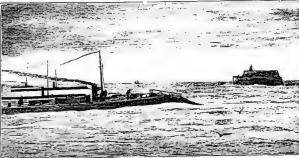
ONE LEFT FOR CHATHAM YARD AND SO THERE WERE FIVE

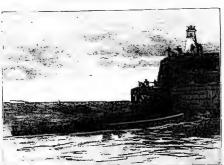


FIVE LITTLE TORPEDO BOATS SHAVING BY THE SHORE

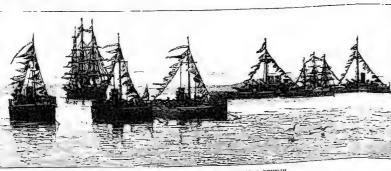


ONE RAN ITSELF AGROUND AND SO THERE WERE FOUR

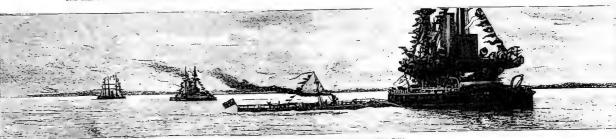




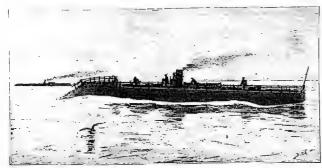
ONE COULDN'T STOP ITSELF AND SO THERE WERE THREE



THREE LITTLE TORPEDO BOATS ATTENDING A REVIEW

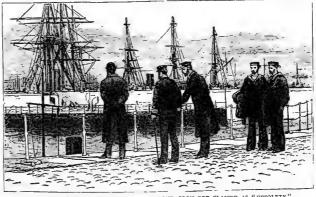


ONE RAN DOWN A BATTLE SHIP AND SO THERE WERE TWO



TWO LITTLE TORPEDO BOATS GOING FOR A RUN





ONE LITTLE TORPEDO EOAT LYING ALL ALONE, SOON GOT CLASSED AS "OBSOLETE" AND SO THERE WERE NONE



WHEN ALL THE TORPEDO BOATS ARE UNPREPARED FOR WAR, BANG COMFS A RUSSIAN SCARE AND THEY ORDER TEN BOATS MORE

# THE GRAPHIC

One word before saying farewell—of course, to those who are strangers to our retreat. Do not be deluded by the name into the belief that North Require is Partial of the Require in Partial of the Require in Partial of the Require in strangers to our retreat. Do not be detuded by the mame into the belief that North Berwick is Berwick or close to Berwick; you must travel several miles further north, and approach Edinburgh, before you will find North Berwick, secrete 1 in East Lothian, and lapped by the waves of the sparkling Firth of Forth. D. M. B.

# NIGHT IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH

FAR, very far beyond the settled districts through which an attenuated iron thread of railway stretches a tortuous course for hundreds of miles, linking township with township in a very real if distant relationship; beyond the yet farther removed settlements, where "Cobb's coaches" still flourish, stand the wide-spreading plains, the rolling hills, and interminable ranges, where, like oases in a vast sea of territory, remote sheep and cattle stations exist: homes as far removed from the capital cities as those of distant European frontiers are from London or Paris. European frontiers are from London or Paris.

European trontiers are from London or Paris.

The only means of communication between such homesteads is the ubiquitous spider-wheeled private "buggy," and the ever-ready saddle. Who can forget the peculiar loose, easy canter—a mode of progression kept up almost automatically hour after hour the day through—which is the characteristic of the Australian horse?

All the day long the riler journeys in silence through the

All the day long the riler journeys in silence through the oppressive solitude of the bush, the rhythmic beat of his horse's unshod hoofs accentuating the voiceless stillness. Nothing seems to change save the position of the burning orb above, which in the to change save the position of the burning orb above, which in the morning shone out before him with dazzling rays, and now slowly sinks behind his track. Change there has surely been, but the consciousness of it has been lost in the unchanging sense of boundless solitude which dominates the scene. The woods seem to rest in an enchanted sleep, occasionally a low murmur of half-articulated sounds floats, or seems to float, past from the shadowy depths of the impenetrable forest; vague lispings of the "long ago," as from some dimly remembered former existence, and then dies away. Sometimes ghostly shadows seem to flit past on either hand, but Sometimes ghostly shadows seem to flit past on either hand, but

Sometimes ghostly shadows seem to flit past on either hand, but that is fancy.

At other times the way leads past dark, forbidding ranges—past the vestiges of bush-fires, where shriven, spectral trunks of blackened trees stand by thousands—past wooded heights where the trees assume new curves of strength and grace as they climb the mountainside; but always in strong contra t to that suavity of line which characterises an English country-side, described by our American cousins as "Nature with her hair combed and parted." Sometimes the silence is broken by flocks of pretty rosellas flitting from tree to tree, a grey kangaroo hopping across the path to a place of safety, a distant view of fleet-footed emus, or a glimpse of some singular example of the belated Australian fauna. Nor is the way unrelieved by the beauty of strange wild-flowers, which occasionally cluster in by the beauty of strange wild-flowers, which occasionally cluster in secret where the cool, soft mosses have been screened from the fiery summer heat, springing up unheeded where none are by to see and love, did we not believe

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet, Though to itself it only live and die !

And so the day wears on, and the sun at length sets with a pomp and ageantry of colour that floods the woods with prismatic hues reflected from every leaf and tree. In a brief space the glowing disc sinks behind the Western hills, leaving a track of glory, a weird, unearthly light illuminating for a moment to its farthest recesses the unbroken expanse of what might be taken for an uninhabited

And then quickly succeeds the witchery of night in a semi-trojical land. The evening wind sighs through the shadowy trees, the fierce neat of day is summarily extinguished, and the glittering hosts of southern stars of dazzling brightness flame out in the measureless azure.

Oh, Summer-night of the South! Oh, sweet languor of zephyrs love-sighing! Oh, mighty circuit of shadowy solitu.te, holy and still! Music scarce audible, echoless harmony joyously dying, Dying in faint inspirations o'er meadow and forest and hill!

Music scarce audible, echoless narmony joyoust yaying.

Dying in faint inspirations o'er meadow and forest and hill!

The serene beauty of the soft Australian night through the greater portion of the year will render camping-out no great hardship, and the peaceful bivouac will be grateful enough after a day spent in the saddle. The silence, certainly, will soon be broken by a medley of strange sounds; the rattle and chirp of every variety of bush-haunting insect, the notes of strange birds, the crackle of dead branches in the trees above, where nocturnal animals—soft furry woodland things with wild bright eyes—are feeding on the scent-laden eucalypti leaves, and other indescribable vocal emanations all round; but to these voices of the night the ear soon grows accustomed, and they become an undertone which scarcely arrests the attention. As the darkness deepens, the bright constellations will bedeck the whole expanse of sky with matchless splendour, and the familiar Southern Cross will shine down upon the tired horseman's forest-couch. When the moon unveils her silvery light above the tree-tops he will no longer seem companionless. In the peaceful radiance shed around the cares that infest the day will soon take wing, and under the soothing influence of a beauty so calm and majestic as that of our great Mother forgetfulness will softly come. It is a wonderfully strange experience to lie out under the canopy of night in the solemn silent shadows of the out under the canopy of night in the solemn silent shadows of the wild bush, and watch the constellations through the branches of the great trees as they gleam and brighten, wax dim and fade. Gradually the trees grow familiar to the traveller, their branches seem to bend caressingly over him, and, though the silence can be felt, it does not disturb. In a scene of utter loneliness, in time he will grow to feel not alone. He is one with all these forest surroundings to teet not arone. The is one man and he slumbers as fearlessly as though he were a sylvan faun and had joined the following of the great god Pan!

S. T. great god Pan!

#### WILL O' THE WISP

MODERN Science offers no encouragement to the propagation of superstitious beliefs; in fact its exponents have a propensity for prying into the secrets of Nature, and prosaically arranging under natural laws the phenomena which puzzled—and sometimes frightened—our forefathers. Thus, fairies and elves, in this country at any rate, have practically gone out of date, and even ghosts have at any rate, nave practically gone out of date, and even ghosts have fallen into such disrepute that they now seldom make their appearance in our unappreciative age, for the denizens of Ghostland are of a retiring and seclusive disposition, and like not the ways of the Society for Psychical Research, or the aggravating scepticism of narrow-minded scientists, who admit only that which can be loginarrow-minded scientists, who admit only that which can be logically demonstrated to exist. In the dark ages of the past, however, imagination held unlimited sway, and things which were not understood were generally attributed to the devil, or surpernatural agency of some kind. This method of overcoming difficulties was no doubt a very convenient one, and, although it may not possess much merit regarded from a purely scientific point of view, we owe to it many of those quaint muchs and fangiful legeads which the to it many of those quaint myths and fanciful legends which, after flourishing through long ages, are now fast sinking into oblivion.

Bearing in mind the inherent superstitious tendencies of the

ignorant, one can easily conceive a phenomenon like the ignis fatuus creating no small amount of perplexity as to its origin and nature; and there is little to be wondered at if an observer unversed

in the science of chemistry should be filled with amazement at the sight of a flame moving about mysteriously as though imbued with vitality, or guided by some unseen hand, and appearing, moreover, in marshy places where, seemingly, the conditions are most uncongenial to the support of combustion.

in marshy places where, seemingly, the conditions are most uncongenial to the support of combustion.

Some of our readers may possibly be aware that one of the products of decomposing organic matter is phosphuretted hydrogen, an inflammable gas which ignites spontaneously on mixing with the atmosphere, and it is this gas which, liberated under favourable conditions in suitable localities, produces the curious phenomenon popularly known as "Will o' the Wisp" or "Jack o' Lantern." Our ancestors, however, in the absence of School Board Education, did not usually include even the most elementary chemistry in the curriculum of their studies, and although some of them might dabble more or less in its forerunner, alchemy, it was with the object of discovering the chimerical Philosopher's Stone or the Elixir Vitæ rather than of investigating the secrets of nature. The explanation of the Will o' the Wisp, therefore, was in former times explanation of the Will o' the Wisp, therefore, was in former times left entirely to the fertile imaginations of those who chose to exercise their ingenuity in weaving strange theories and marvellou legends to account for the things that they could not understand. legends to account for the things that they could not understand. Thus a writer of the seventeenth century asserts that "the lowest meteor in the air is the burning candle, or, as some call it, ignis fatuus. This is a hot and moist vapour which, striving to ascend, is repulsed by the cold, and fiered by antiperistasis, moves close by the earth, carried along with the vapours that feed it, keeping in low or moist places. The light is of an exceeding pale colour, very unwholesome to meet withal, by reason of the evil vapours it attracts unto it, which nourishes the pallid flame, and will often ascend (as those exhalations do), and as reason of the evil vapours it attracts unto it, which nourishes the pallid flame, and will often ascend (as those exhalations do), and as suddenly fall again, from whence the name is derived." From another authority of the same period we learn that the *ignis fatuus* "is caused of a great and well-compacted exhalation, and, being kindled, it stands in the aire, and by man's motion the ayre is moved, and the fire by the ayre, and so goes before or follows a man; and these kind of fires or meteors are bred near execution places, or churchyards or great kitchens, where viscous and slimy matters and and these kind of fires or meteors are bred near execution places, or churchyards, or great kitchens, where viscous and slimy matters and vapours abound in great quantity." A third writer also tells us that the will o' the wisp is "a certain viscous substance, reflecting light in the dark, evaporated out of a fat earth, and flying in the aire. They commonly haunt churchyards and fens, because they are begotten out of fatnesse. They follow one that flies them, and fly one that follows them, because the aire does so. They stay upon military ensigns and spears, because such are apt to stop, and tenacious of them. In the summer, and hot regions, they are more frequent, because the good concoction produces fatnesse." tenacious of them. In the summer, and hot regions, they are more frequent, because the good concoction produces fatnesse."

In former times, when the Church of Rome held supreme sway, it was supposed by the more credulous of that faith that a will-o'-the-

wisp was nothing more nor less than some unfortunate soul enveloped in the flames of Purgatory, and this idea in a modified form may be traced in the following Irish legend, which is related at greater length in that repository of curious odds and ends, Notes Oueries.

will was a young blacksmith who sold his soul to the Devil for money. Shortly before his dealings with the Evil One, however, he had received a visit from an angel, who granted him three wishes, one of which was that when he set any one to work he might be able to of which was that when he set any one to work he might be able to keep them at their task as long as he pleased. The power thus conferred on him stood him in good stead when, at the end of seven years, His Satanic Majesty put in an appearance for the purpose of fulfilling the terms of the compact, and escorting the son of Vulcan to the regions below. Will expressed his readiness to accompany him as soon as he had finished shoeing the horse on which he was engaged, and requested his visitor to assist him by blowing the bellows of the forge. This the Devil obligingly did, but was thereupon kept hard at work until he was glad to obtain his release by granting Will another seven years on earth. At the end of the second term, however, the blacksmith again outwitted the Evil One, for, having prevailed on the latter to hammer a piece of iron, locked him up in the forge all night, during which time he had to work so for, having prevailed on the latter to hammer a piece of iron, locked him up in the forge all night, during which time he had to work so hard that he wore away the anvil. Thus Will was enabled to again renew his lease of life; but at the end of the third term he found himself compelled to accompany his visitor. On the way, however, Will insisted on stopping at the first inn for a drink, and, declaring that he had no money, prevailed on the Devil to change himself into a small coin for a few minutes, in order that he might pay for the refreshment; but when the metamorphosis had taken place, the wily smith, instead of spending the coin, put it into his purse, and went

smith, instead of spending the coin, put it into his purse, and went home again, thus managing to cheat the Devil out of his bargain.

Ultimately, Will died, and then, finding that he could not gain admittance to heaven, he went down to the other place. But there also he was shut out, for the Devil had already had so much trouble with him that he flatly refused to keep him on his premises, so with a bundle, or "wisp," of burning straw fastened to his back, poor Will was doomed for ever to wander about the earth, where the he light of his burning wisp may still be seen at nightfall as he restlessly hovers over the bogs or stagnant ponds, and leads astrong the stagnant ponds, and leads astrong the stagnant ponds. the belated traveller who, mistaking the dancing flame for a lantern carried by some friendly hand, imprudently takes a short cut across country to get at it, and as likely as not finds himself floundering in some pool of dirty water for his pains.

W. C. F.

# DRAMATIC MOTIVE

It is nice to walk out of the world, and go to the play. In the world there is much that is awfully perplexing. One is worrying the whole day long about the causes of things, for the motives on which people act in real life are very much mixed, and extremely difficult to fathom. Now in the play all this is changed; the characters you meet there seize the very first opportunity to put you in possession of their motives, so that life on the stage becomes to us simple and harmonious. This is no doubt the real cause of the pleasure which people in all ages have taken in the theatre. Limelights may be something, scenery may be something more, even dresses may play a fractional part; but the perennial source of attraction is no doubt the lucidity of dramatic motive.

It is pleasing to contrast the fog and muddle of human affairs with the sweetness and light of the drama in this matter. If Jones asks you to go and stay a fortnight in his country house, you are

asks you to go and stay a fortnight in his country house, you are usually, as a man of experience, much perplexed as to his real usually, as a man of experience, much perplexed as to make the motives in so doing. With worldly wisdom you shrewdly conclude that there must be some motive accompanying the hospitality, and you puzzle yourself as to what it may be. Is he going to catch your caution on the hop after dinner, and sell you some shares or a your caution on the hop after dinner, and sell you some shares or a horse? Does he want to borrow more money on that miserable town lot, on which there is absolutely no margin left? Are you to be thrown into the society of his eldest daughter Tabitha and her corkscrew curls, with matrimonial intentions? Are you simply going as a makeweight? Or are you intended to take the edge off Brown, the heavy, who is invited as well, and keep him from boring Jones? All these possible motives cross your mind as you are whirling down the country, and you cannot make head or tail of it. But on the stage it is very different. There, when a man asks another to come to his country house there is no such perplexity, for he takes care to tell you his motive in a penetrating "aside."
"I will get him down to my country place," he says, "and in the Blue Chamber, at twelve, he shall wipe out with his gore the insult his double-dyed grandfather passed upon my great uncle on the mother's side!" or it may be the "aside" will run, "Once in my house, I will ply him with liquor day and night till he divulges to me in his dreams the exact spot on the coast of Terra del Fuego where he has buried the billions." But whatever the motive may where he has buried the billions. But whatever the motive may be, he states it clearly and distinctly, so that there is no possible mistake about it, and we always find afterwards that what he says is correct. How thankful we should be if Jones would do the

same 1
Again, in practical life, we are much perplexed as to the motives of people who meddle with the tender passion. There is, for instance, no more constant source of trouble to the British matron instance, no more to discourt the real motions of the instance, no more constant source of trouble to the British matron instance, no more constant source of trouble to the British matron than the endeavour to discover the real motives of the young men who hang around her dovecot. "Do they mean business, or do they not?" is the plain question she is often asking herself. Young Green seems very tender to Matilda, calls very often on her brother Samuel, and stays in the evening to sing duets, while the gush of Mrs. Green is more sparkling than ever. Does he mean to come forward? Then young Smith goes so far as to keep all other eligible men from Florrie; does he intend to pronounce himself, or is he going to behave like a brute? She would give a good deal to have a trustworthy answer to these questions, but even the whole family in solemn conclave is not equal to supplying it. No wonder then that it is a relief to her to go to the play. There, the whole family in solemn conclave is not equal to supplying it. No wonder then that it is a relief to her to go to the play. There, a young gentleman, when he meets a young lady, does not leave room for an instant's doubt as to his intentions. If he is impecunious, "She shall be mine," he says, aside, "for her I will slave night and day, and eject the bailiffs from the halls of my ancestors:" all which engagement he carries out to the last kick. If, on the contrary, he be rich, he does not need to say anything aside, but immediately, at first sight, in well-chosen language, and with his knee on an upturned chair, he makes her an offer of self and fortune. and fortune.

Another great puzzle of ordinary life is the motives which have Another great puzzle of ordinary life is the motives which have induced certain people to marry certain other people. Nothing is more common than to hear it said, "Well, whatever could have induced him to marry her is more than I can imagine;" or, in the reverse case, "Why she ever accepted such a man it is impossible even to guess." Then hands go up, presumably in appeal to the departed Solomon for a solution, and we draw our chairs closer together, and go over the possible motives. Did he marry Miss Binks for her money? as some think; or for the post her father could help him to? as others think; or because he really fell in love with her? as some men will do, even with the plainest women; or because he flirted too far, and her big brother frightened him into it? Now on the stage we are never tormented with puzzles of this kind. There, when we see a married couple we know in five kind. There, when we see a married couple we know in five minutes why they were joined together—it was entirely for the sake of the contrast in their characters. There, the excitable man marries the philosophical moment the process.

of the contrast in their characters. There, the excitable man marries the philosophical woman, the peppery man the mild woman, the weak man the termagant woman, the bumptious man the sarcastic woman; and we all know that they do so just because it helps to make fun, and for no reason in the world else.

All plays alike offer this refreshing simplicity of motive, but if there is one dramatic production which more than another displays this peculiar charm, it is the comic opera. The comic opera offers perfect mental repose, while pleasing the eye with a succession of pretty and variegated pictures, and tickling the ear with vivacious or tender tones. When you go to see the mirror held up to Nature by comic opera, you discover, almost as soon as the curtain rises, or tender tones. When you go to see the mirror held up to Nature by comic opera, you discover, almost as soon as the curtain rises, that one plain and simple motive prompts the actions of all the characters, and that is musical exigency. People come on for the pellucid reason that they are wanted to sing, and they go off again for the equally clear reason that they have done singing, and their room is wanted for the next performer. This explains the whole plot of the piece, and the grounds on which everybody acts, and there is no temptation whatever to go behind it for more occult motives. This is the real reason, no doubt, why comic opera is such a favourite form of entertainment, and why the most intellectual people are seen rushing to it for a rest.

Dramatic motive has also one other charm which should not be

Dramatic motive has also one other charm which should not be Dramatic motive has also one other charm which should not be lost sight of. It is not only clear as crystal to the meanest comprehension, but it is out-and-out. There are no half measures about it. For instance, to endeavour to lead a quiet and blameless life is an excellent everyday motive, but that is of no good whatever on the stage. The drama will not have such milk-and-water goodness as that. If a man wants to do any good in a play, he must shell out strikingly. A guines subscription is the timemust shell out strikingly. A guinea subscription is the time-honoured and correct thing wherewith to meet the demands on our charity in ordinary life, but on the stage you must cheerfully part

with thousands, and to people whom you have hardly seen.

In everyday life we should think the man who had clothed the orphan, and apprenticed him to a trade, had done remarkably well; but on the stage he would have, in addition, to make him his heir, and marry him to his daughter, before he could hope for even a "round." Or, taking the converse case, if we saw a man in real life neglecting his home, and shirking his obligations as a citizen life neglecting his home, and shirking his obligations as a citizen and ratepayer, we should say he was a man of bad motive; but such badness as that is far too wishy-washy for the footlights. To be a bad man in a play, you must be prepared to scourge the innocent, to forge, and to rob; and even then you are not complete unless you are prepared to change babies at nurse.

# The Emperor Milliam II.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

THERE was great joy in Berlin and all over Prussia on the 27th of January, 1859. The eldest daughter of Queen Victoria of England had borne her husband, the only son of the then Prince Regent, the late German Emperor William, a son, and thus the direct succession in Prussia was secured for one generation more. The happy grandfather had not patience to wait till his carriage was ready, but hastened to the neighbouring Palace of his son, to see his grandson eye to eye, and welcome him as a scion and as the future head of the Hohenzollerns.

ins grandson eye to eye, and welcome him as a stoom fiture head of the Hohenzollerns.

It was a strong child, as General Field-Marshal von Wrangel announced to the numerous crowd assembled before the Palace: "Children!" said he, "All's well! It's a good sturdy recruit!"

But all who had occasion to see the Prince soon after described

thin as "an extremely pretty and very girl-like boy."

The christening, at which the Prince received the names "Friedrich Wilhelm Victor Albert," was, of course, a most billiant affair, and was celebrated with all the pomp and splendour which the Court of Berlin loves to display at high solemnities.

From his earliest childhood the Prince received a very careful and loving but also extremely strict not to say rigorous, educa-

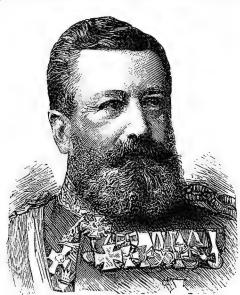
and loving, but also extremely strict, not to say rigorous, educa-tion; one of the numerous little instances of this may be mentioned

It was a source of much pleasure to the little Prince that the sentinels had to present arms to him, so much so, indeed, that he sometimes did not wait till he was fully dressed, but hastened down into the court, to receive the military honours which he loved so well. Great was his surprise one day when the sentinels took absolutely no notice of him. Burning with indignation, he rushed to his father, and told him this terrible fact with the utmost excitement. His father listened with sympathy, looked at him keenly,

and then asked in a tone clearly expressive of doubt: "Your dress and then asked in a tone clearly expressive of doubt: "Your dress is in perfect order, I hope, before you show yourself in public?" When Prince William blushed and answered "No," his father calmly said: "No sentinel is permitted to render the due honours to a Prince who is not dressed entirely as prescribed!" Prince William left the room with a thoughtful brow, and since then no sentinel has ever seen him dressed otherwise than "entirely as prescribed."

prescribed."

This little story is extremely characteristic of the whole future development of the present Emperor. He grew up in the feeling of the absolute necessity of the strictest performance of duty, of the full recognition of even severe blame, when just, and of the most sincere and earnest endeavour to get rid of the recognised fault, but without ever allowing the singularly pronounced individuality of the strongly self-conscious "I" to be influenced thereby in the least. His leading principle has been the famous saying of Frederick the Great: "I am the first servant of the State." How early he became clearly conscious of this full responsibility of his position appeared very distinctly at his confirmation. This solemn act took place on September 1st, 1873, in the richly decorated Friedenskirche, at Potsdam. His Imperial grandparents, his parents, the Prince of Wales, and the Grand Duke of Weimar, the Knights of the Order of the Black Eagle, the Ministers, all the



GENERAL VON VERDY DU VERNOIS

highest civil and military dignitaries of Berlin and Potsdam, and his teachers, were present. The Prince felt fully and deeply the seriousness of the step which in some degree introduced him to public life. He read the confession of his faith in a loud clear voice, laying special emphasis on the most important passages, especially on the words: "I know that difficult duties await me in life." This solemn ceremony made a lasting impression on all present, and they left the church in deep emotion.

#### KASSEL AND BONN

Soon after, the Prince and his brother Henry were sent to the Lyceum Fridericianum at Kassel. The time he spent there is among the dearest remembrances of the present German Emperor. He was generally liked and esteemed by his schoolfellows, with whom he associated with great amiability, frankness, and friendliness, and has kept up diligent correspondence and intercourse for many years. It is only too natural, under such circumstances, that often the strangest wishes and requests have been addressed to him. Not much more than a year and a-half ago, he met one of his Kassel schoolfellows in one of the streets of Berlin or Potsdam, spoke to him, and said in the course of conversation—"Just think!



H.E. HERR VON LIEBENAU H.M.'s Court Marshal

X. with whom we were at Kassel together, and apothecary, wrote to me lately, asking me to get him permission to open an apothecary's shop in Berlin. As if I could have the least word to say in such a matter!" This is so complete a proof of the then Prince's absolute disinclination to the slightest favouring of his friends, or of persons in near relation to him, that it deserves to be recorded as a brilliant example to all future rulers.

His stay at Kassel losted more than two years—from autumn.

to be recorded as a brilliant example to all future rulers.

His stay at Kassel lasted more than two years—from autumn, 1874, till the beginning of 1877. He then submitted himself, like every other pupil who intends to go to a university, to the examination for the certificate of maturity, which was accorded him in the most honourable form. On his leaving the High School of Kassel, a very special honour was done him. It is the custom there that the most meritorious and diligent of those who pass the leaving-examination receive the so-called "Richter's medal" as a distinction. Prince William received one, "especially," as the head master said, "in recognition of his uniform and persevering diligence." He indeed had laboured with iron and uninterrupted diligence completely to master everything that he began in the dligence completely to master everything that he began in the school, as he is still doing whenever he begins something new.

His answer to the head master was short and simple, but highly characteristic of him. He said—"You cannot imagine what pleasure the bestowal of this medal gives me, for I know that I have deserved it; I have honestly done what I could."

After the example of several Princes of the House of Hohenzollern, Prince William went from Kassel to the charmingly-situated University of Bonn, and devoted himself, from 1877 to 1879, to hearing the so-called Special Lectures, i.e., those which were to prepare him for his future calling. The subjects of these lectures were Politics, Finance, Political Economy, Common Law, and International Law; but he did not neglect the opportunity of hearing lectures on other subjects, which corresponded less to the necessity of preparation for his calling than to the natural craving of his own mind, other subjects, which corresponded less to the necessity of preparation for his calling than to the natural craving of his own mind, especially on History, Art, and the History of Art. Nor did he fail to enjoy an ample share of the pleasures of students life; he joined the "Borussia" corps, to which most of the scions of the high Prussian aristocracy now belong, for a longer or shorter period, during their student-time at Bonn.

His military companion there was his present Court March 1887.

His military companion there was his present Court-Marshal, Von Liebenau, to whom belongs the great merit that he not only kept house for the Prince, with limited means and considerable splendour, even at times when the household was by no means small, but also that he nevertheless was able to make savings, which were sometimes rather considerable.

#### BETROTHAL AND WEDDING

IN February, 1880, soon after his return from Bonn to Berlin, he betrothed himself at Gotha to the Princess Victoria Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg. She was born on October 22nd, 1858, and is therefore three months older than he. The betrothal was celebrated very quietly at first, the family of the Princess being in deep mourning at the time for the death of her father, Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, whose lot it had not been to wear the Crown of that country. On June 2nd, 1880, the betrothal was officially announced in the Round Hall of Babelsberg Palace, and the wedding was celebrated, with all due pomp and circumstance, in the Palace at Berlin nine months later, on February 27th, 1881.

Even on this joyful occasion, however, the happy bridegroom did not for one moment forget to be the most perfect example of obedience to duty. Early in the morning of February 26th he practised the parade-march with his company of the First Foot Guards, which was to be guard of honour to his bride in the Palace in Berlin, that



BARON VON HEINTZE Master of the Royal Hunt

it might perform its duty with credit before his Imperiat grand-father, his father, the numerous Princes, and other illustrious guests, who would scrutinise the troop under his command with keen and critical eyes. In the afternoon he went with his company to Berlin, led it himself from the Potsdam Station to the Palace amid the endless cheers of the assembled crowds, and then, after transferring the command in prescribed form to the oldest officer, went up to the brilliantly-decorated halls of the Palace, where the illustrious company of wedding-guests awaited him. On the following day—the wedding-day itself—he went early to Potsdam, not to lose the pleasure of fastening to the man's breast with his own hands an order which the old Emperor William, in his well-known goodness of heart, had bestowed on the sergeant-major of his company the evening before. Then he returned to Berlin, and was wedded with the usual ceremonies—change of rings, cannon-thunder, &c.—followed by all manner of festivities and ceremonies on the ensuing days. Of the numerous answers given by him to bearers of congratulatory addresses and presents, I mention only that which he addressed to the deputation of the City of Berlin. After declaring that "the example of their parents and grandparents would be his and his consort's lodestar through life," he concluded thus:—"We make this vow as a small thank-offering for all tokens of love and attachment, and beg you to tell the whole Fatherland that we shall devote our whole lives to the fulfilment of our duties." The Prince's strong sense of duty induced him to return as soon as possible to his post, and on March 2nd, only three days after the wedding, the young couple went to live at Potsdam.

Their Majesties, the Emperor and Empress, are now the parents of five children, all sons:—

(1) The Crown Prince, Friedrich Wilhelm Victor August Ernst, born May 6th, 1882.

(2) The Prince Wilhelm Eitel Friedrich Christian Karl, born

born May 6th, 1882.
(2) The Prince Wilhelm Eitel Friedrich Christian Karl, born

July 7th, 1883.

(3) The Prince Adalbert Ferdinand Berengar Victor, born July 14th, 1884.

(4) The Prince August Wilhelm Heinrich Günther Victor, born

January 20th, 1887
(5) The Prince Oskar Karl Gustav Adolf, born July 27th, 1888
We add an illustration of the christening of the Crown Prince,
We add an illustration of the more interesting as it contains We add an illustration of the christening of the Crown Prince, which illustration is so much the more interesting as it contains portraits of many members of the Royal House who have since died—the great-grandsather looking lovingly at the child, whom he holds in his arms; the then Crown Prince, asterwards the Emperor Frederick, in sull Field Marshal's uniform, standing beside his venerable sather; Prince Frederick Charles in hussar's uniform, &c.

# RESULTS OF EDUCATION

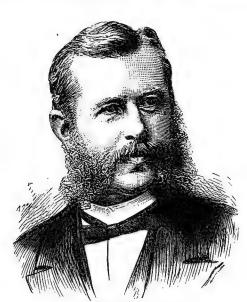
In accordance with the wish of his parents, which was approved of by his grandparents, Prince William's education was conducted, contrary to the old traditions of his House, on the principle that his interest in civil life ought greatly to predominate over his interest in military matters. All steps were taken in order to gain this end. The Prince, however, who grew up under the mighty influences of a time singularly rich in military glory for Prussia and Germany,

especially in the years in which his character was most susceptible to such influences, received with the fullest and keenest interest all that was placed before him with a view to awakening in him a special preference for civil life, but evinced in this case, too, his characteristic individuality and consistency; he remained, in spite of all, first and foremost, heart and soul, a soldier, interested above all in the Army and Navy.

first and foremost, heart and soul, a soldier, interested above all in the Army and Navy.

It is a singular and noteworthy fact that the complete re-organisation of the Prussian Army, which made it the first in all the world, began in the year of the Emperor William II.'s birth, and that it was reserved for him to sign, in the first year of his reign, the orders which must be regarded as the crowning cope-stone of this gigantic work, the new drill regulations for the Infantry and Field-artillery. The reorganisation of the Prussian Army took exactly thirty years, but the result was magnificent, and has gained Prussia the surname of the "Modern Sparta." This highly perfected organism of the Prussian and German Army now stands in the completest possible condition under the Emperor William II., who, partly owing to his most excellent military training, partly owing to his admirable natural talents, is signally well-fitted to fill this post.

Like every other Prussian prince, Prince William was, on his tenth birthday, in 1869, appointed an officer of the First Foot-Guards at Potsdam, with the right to wear its uniform on grand



PROFESSOR DR. LEUTHOLD H.M.'s Physician in Ordinary

occasions, but, of course, without duties. In order, however, to make him in some measure acquainted with the officers of the regiment, his father took him one day in the following summer to dine with them. In proposing Prince William's health on that occasion, the Crown Prince said, among other things:—'I recommend my son to the good comradeship of this famous regiment, and request the gentlemen, his comrades, not to be in the least anxious about the delicate appearance of my son, who does, indeed, look rather delicate in the tight-fitting uniform; but the older gentlemen, who still remember the day, in the year 1841, on which I had the happiness to enter this eminent regiment, will also remember that I was then quite as little and delicate as my William; but I have grown up since then into a tolerably big, healthy, and strong man, and I hope the same will happen to my son." In confirmation of these words, he then sent round a daguerrotype that had been taken of him at the time, and all present had to own that it might just as well have been a portrait of their little comrade, his eldest son.

It was not till 1877, when he returned from Kassel, that the difficult duties of garrison service were required of him, and then only in part and for a short time. Then it was that he was formally



COLONEL COUNT WEDEL H.M.'s Aide-du-Camp

invested by his grandfather with the order of the Black Eagle, and appointed full Lieutenant in the First Foot Guards. His duties as an officer, however, were interrupted by his studies at Bonn, and only after he had finished them, did he devote himself almost exclusively to the profession which he had recognised as the one for which he was best fitted.

### THE EMPEROR AND THE ARMY

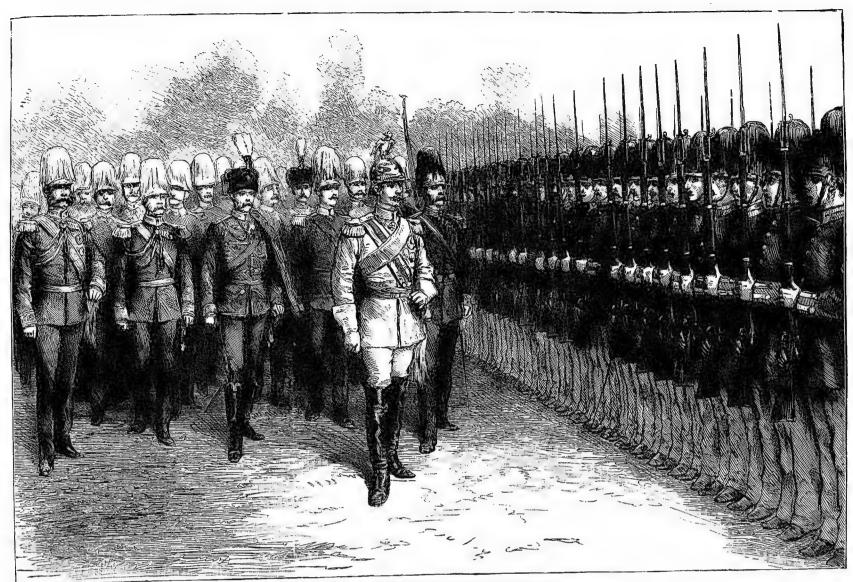
THE training in active service was not made easy for him, for he had to endure all the fatigues which the other officers, his comrades, underwent, even after attaining a pretty high military rank. The following anecdote may serve as a proof of this:—One day, when he was Captain of a company in the First Foot Guards, there was he was Captain of a company in the Pirst Foot Guards, there was a review, followed by the usual critique, which was very complete but also quite unusually tiresome. After about twenty minutes of it Prince William very cautiously pulled out his watch. The general, however, who was delivering the critique, noticed this, and said very loudly, "If any one has a right to pull out his watch



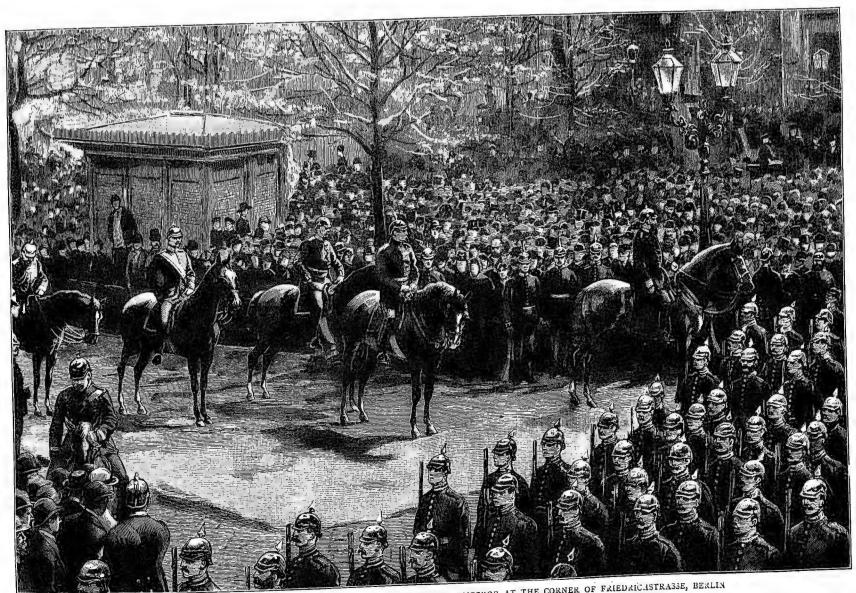


THE EMPRESS AND HER FIVE SONS





THE EMPEROR INSPECTING INFANTRY OF THE LINE



THE SECOND FOOT GUARDS, AFTER A PARADE, MARCHING PAST THE EMPEROR AT THE CORNER OF FRIEDRICASTRASSE, BERLIN SCENES FROM THE EVERY DAY LIFE OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR

# THE GRAPHIC

here, it is I alone!" The Emperor's sense of justice, however, is so great that almost immediately after his accession he gave that general one of the highest and most responsible offices about his

person.
In order to learn thoroughly what is required of the officers in all three arms of the service—Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery—Prince William was transferred, after his appointment as Major on the control of September 16th, 1880, to the Hussar Guards at Potsdam, and three years later to the Field Artillery Guards in Berlin. In all these posts he not only distinguished bimself by the stricted follows: posts he not only distinguished himself by the strictest fulfilment of posts ne not only distinguished muser by the stretces full ment of duty, but also gained the special praise of all his superiors by his quite extraordinary military talents, which he most clearly displayed both in practical and in theoretical service. He was appointed Colonel in September, 1885, and, four weeks later, commander of the Universe Courts. the Hussar Guards.

Despite the strict discipline which Prince William maintained, both among the officers (I remind the reader only of his declaration to his grandfather, the Emperor, that he would rather lay down the command of the regiment than permit gambling among the officers) and among the men, he was very popular among them, for he not only displayed the liveliest interest in each of them, but also possessed the art of carrying them along with him by short but pithy possessed to the point of them to the point of them to the point of th speeches to the point—a rare and happy talent, which he still

possesses in full measure. After having commanded the Hussar Guards to the perfect satis-After naving commanded the riussar Guards to the perfect sans-faction of his grandfather for two years and a quarter, he was appointed Major-General on his birthday, January 27th, 1888, and immediately afterwards Commander of the Second Brigade of Foot

Guards.

Animated by truly filial feelings, he led these troops, after very fatiguing movements round Spandau, past his father at Charlottenburg—the only occasion on which the latter was able to review troops as Emperor—on May 18th, 1888; and on May 18th, 1889, he, with his own hand, laid a magnificent laurel wreath on the spot in the Palace grounds at Charlottenburg on which his father had held this review, and praised him in the highest terms.

Crown Prince William was even then an enthusiastic admirer of the views which found expression in the famous new infantry drill regulations, the application of which he most zealously watches over as Emperor, that they may become "a second nature to every soldier in his army, from the General down to the rank and file."

That this has really been attained appeared very clearly at the

That this has really been attained appeared very clearly at the manœuvres this spring. No more attacks of masses of troops on a skeleton enemy marked only by poles or a few soldiers with pennons, but attacks on one or several battalions, while quite unexpected reinforcements of cavalry, infantry, and artillery are suddenly sent now to the one, now to the other of the troops engaged, so that the final victory often falls quite contrary to expectation, not having been preconcerted, but depending on the skill of the commanders-inchief and of their subordinates.

Thus, so to speak, the war-game is played with real troops and

Thus, so to speak, the war-game is played with real troops and on real ground.

# THE EMPEROR AND THE NAVY

It might be supposed from the above that the Emperor William II. is acquainted with and interested in the army only, but this is by no means the case, for he has been equally interested in the navy since his earliest years. As a young officer at Potsdam, at a time when it was the fashion, not only among civilians, but also among officers, to mock at the young German Navy, he felt extremely indignant at this, and delivered to the officers of the garrison a lecture on the purposes and future of the German Navy, so excellent from the historical, military, and strategical points of view, that two or three of his comrades of that time exchanged the military for the naval career. He is, of course, far too sagacious to let his love for the German Navy seduce him into trying to make it the first in the world, and into envying every great Power which possesses a stronger one, especially as he knows right well what the German Empire can afford in this respect. He, therefore, greeted the recent vote for the increase of the British Navy with joy, for he is fully convinced that Germany and England are summoned, by the almost absolute identity of their interests, to supplement each other, and that, if they are not both to be ruined, Great Britain must have the strongest navy, and the German Empire the most efficient army, in the world. IT might be supposed from the above that the Emperor the most efficient army, in the world.

the most efficient army, in the world.

The Emperor gives unequivocal expression to his great love of the navy on every possible occasion. Bred, like his ancestors, in the rules of the strictest etiquette, he appears on every suitable opportunity in the uniform of a Rear-Admiral, the naval rank corresponding to that of Major-General which he holds in the

The Emperor's deep interest in naval affairs has already caused the most incisive changes in the German Navy. One of his first steps as Emperor was to prepare the way for a complete reform of the plan and construction for the German Navy, which favoured the acquisition of numerous small ships and torpedo-boats, whereas the acquisition of numerous small ships and torpedo-boats, whereas the Emperor William is one of the warmest advocates of colossal ironclads. Another far-reaching change was the division of the Admiralty into two departments—one for the administration and the other for the active service. A third innovation was the creation of a Naval Cabinet, which has to perform the same duties for the navy as the Military Cabinet for the army, especially with regard to the promotion of officers and all that belongs to with regard to the promotion of officers and all that belongs to

that.

The Emperor tries to be present at as many naval manœuvres as possible, though, amid the tremendous host of his daily duties on land, this is by no means easy. Now and then, however, he gains nand, this is by no means easy. Inow and then, nowever, he gains one or two days in order to perform these duties too, which he deems just as urgent as his other ones. In order, too, in some measure, to remedy the disadvantage of distance from the sea, he has had a sailor's station established on the fine Havel Lakes close to Potsdam, and this station is gradually to become a centre of all new maritime and naval inventions—a kind of miniature Naval and Maritime Museum.

If, with all his severity, the Emperor is deeply loved and honoured by his army, he is, since his visit to Wilhelmshaven to be present at the setting to sea of the Alexandrine on her way to Samoa to fill the place of the Adler, almost worshipped by the navy. On that occasion he delivered a speech which took captive the hearts of the whole navy. He then went on board the Greif to accompany the departing ship out to sea.

mpany the

The Emperor's love of the navy is, of course, accompanied by a the Emperor's love of the navy is, of course, accompanied by a deep interest in foreign and distant lands, and the young colonies of the German Empire find, perhaps, more sympathy in him than in his predecessors—a circumstance well worth noting, especially now that the first intoxication of German enthus asm for the colonies has made way for the earnest encleavour to preserve them and render them useful to the Fatherland.

# THE EMPEROR AND THE CIVIL SERVICE

THE Emperor's activity as Prince was not confined to the Military Service; he was early intrusted with important diplomatic missions, in accordance with an old custom of the Hohenzollerns, who have always liked to entrust such missions to a prince most who have always fixed to entrust such missions to a prince most closely connected with the throne. In May, 1884, a few months after his twenty-fifth birthday, he went to St. Petersburg to be present at the declaration of the Czarevitch's coming of age. On the last days before his departure he had been sent for the last days before his departure he had long conferences with Prince Bismarck, which affords a presumption that his visit to St.

Petersburg was not one of congratulation only. The Czar and the Russian Court were highly pleased and flattered that the House of Hohenzollern sent the future heir of the Imperial throne of Germany to the capital of the icy North as their official representative at a ceremony to which all the other Courts paid hardly any attention, and they were delighted by the frank amiability of the illustrious guest, who quite fascinated Russian society, and quickly gained the guest, who quite fascinated Russian society, and quickly gained the hearts of the Russian Army and Navy by his appropriate and timely remarks in Russian. No wonder, then, that after his return to Berlin his Imperial grandfather spoke with extreme his return to Berlin his Imperial grandfather spoke with extreme his return to Berlin his Imperial grandfather spoke with extreme his return to Berlin his Imperial grandfather spoke with extreme his return to Berlin his Imperial grandfather spoke with extreme has settled this difficult matter in hardly as many hours as months were spent on it before." It was little noticed at the time, but was perhaps a much more important circumstance, that Prince William then, for the first time, got to know the eminent qualities of Count Herbert Bismarck, who was then attached to the German Embassy in St. Petersburg. His intimate relations with the present Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs probably date from that time.

His first diplomatic mission, which he as Emperor dictated himself, was his "journey to the North Lands," the northernmost point of which was St. Petersburg, whence he returned vid Stockholm and Copenhagen.

His other diplomatic journeys, as Emperor, to the South German Control and the present sent to Vicence and the vicence and vicence and the vicence and guest, who quite fascinated Russian society, and quickly gained the

Stockholm and Copenhagen.

His other diplomatic journeys, as Emperor, to the South German Courts, and to Vienna, Rome, and Naples, are still too fresh in the memories of all to need mention here. Only a legend of his visit to Pope Leo in the Vatican, which has gained wide circulation, especially in England, may be denied in passing. A telegram, which was sent from Rome to London at the time, declared that at their meeting, the Emperor had bowed the knee before the Pope. This is false. He only bowed his head to him.

On his return from these diplomatic errands to Berlin, urgent duties of the Civil Service awaited him, to which he devoted himself with the same assiduity and fidelity as to his military ones, though destiny had allowed him but little time to prepare himself for them, viz., half a-year's experience of administration, and half a-year in the public offices, especially in that of Foreign Affairs, which was already under the able direction of Count Bismarck. The time was short, but his keen understanding and quick apprehension was short, but his keen understanding and quick apprehension enabled him to turn it to good account. Very many fine and interesting instances of this are told, but one may suffice. During his resting instances of this are told, but one may suffice. During his stay on the Rhine last year, where he inspected extensive docks and works for the improvement of the river, he inquired most minutely about their influence on railway-transport. On hearing that the latter had increased, he exclaimed:—"Well, I have always said that the increase of communications by water does not diminish, but rather increases, traffic by land, including railway-traffic."

This clear insight into and keen understanding of all Govern-

This clear insight into and keen understanding of all Govern-This clear insight into and keen understanding of all Governmental affairs is essentially assisted by the Emperor's talent for choosing the fittest men, however one-sided they may be, as the heads of departments in the civil, military, and naval services. He appointed Count Waldersee Count Moltke's successor as Chief of the General Staff of the Army, General Verdy du Vernois Minister of War, General von Wittich, Chief of his "Head-Quarters" (the Military Houvehold) and General von Hahnke Chief of the Military Cabinet. Household), and General von Hahnke, Chief of the Military Cabinet, Household), and General von Hahnke, Chief of the Military Cabinet, all men of eminent abilities and comprehensive knowledge. General von Verdy is one of the best and most brilliant military writers living, and General von Wittich so. strongly fascinated the Emperor, when Prince William, by his attractive method of instruction, that the latter still hears lectures from him on military history, mostly with the help of the war-game, which so irrefutably tests the possibility of turning theory into practice. As chief of the Admiralty, the Emperor appointed Vice-Admiral Count Monts, his most zealous helper in carrying out his Naval reforms, and, after the latter's death, Vice-Admiral Baron von der Goltz, an equally enthusiastic death, Vice-Admiral Baron von der Goltz, an equally enthusiastic champion of the Emperor's ideas.

In passing from the naval and military sphere of things it may

In passing from the naval and military sphere of things it may be opportune, by way of transition, to say a word about hunting and other sports. The hunts have been managed hitherto with the greatest attention and success by Baron von Heintze, Vice-Master of the Royal Hunt, for His Majesty, who, by the way, is an infallible shot. Nobody remembers ever having heard of his missing. One day last year he fired the stupendous number of more than 600 successful shots. Lately, near Potsdam, he fired seven shots in little more than two hours. Six roebucks were found dead on the spot, but no trace of the seventh bullet could be discovered until the next morning, when a seventh roebuck, of great size, was found dead in a thicket, into which he had dragged himself, de-pite his mortal wound.

his mortal wound. In the Civil Service exactly the same principles prevail as in the Army and Navy, and the Emperor has been very happy hitherto in the choice of civil officials too. His Chief of the Civil Cabinet is Herr von Lucanus, a very encyclopædia of knowledge, and a worker of incredible power and perseverance. The Prussian Minister of Justice is now Herr von Schelling, former Chief of the Imperial Office of Incredible and preferring and pr Justice is now Herr von Scheung, former Unit of the Imperial Office of Justice—a man in many respects unbending, and preferring the old to the new, not so pliant as his predecessor, but possessing the same deep and comprehensive legal knowledge as he, and, it is said, much less prejudiced and more impartial.

In foreign affairs His Majesty did not need to make any changes, for their main management is in the hands of the Imperial Changles, the property assisted by his edgest san Count Harbert.

cellor, Prince Bismarck, assisted by his eldest son, Count Herbert Bismarck, the State-Secretary of the Foreign Office of the German Empire. It is natural that the German Radicals cry down this Empire. It is instituted that the German Radicals cry down this transference of an office from father to son as nepotism, and as the creation of a majordomo ship, but this is quite unjust. Count Bismarck has not only the infinite advantage of having been trained by his peerless father, and of, therefore, being able to maintain the continuity of foreign policy so extremely important and necessary for all great States, but is himself regarded as one of the most eminent of the young German diplomatists, even by foreign diplomatists, and justly so, for, so far as I have heard and seen, Count Bismarck is distinguished by jovial amiability closely bordering on German good-nature, Platonic calmness, comclosely bordering on German good-nature, Platonic calmiess, composed frankness, and penetrating sagacity—qualities which enable him not only quickly to detect the weaknesses of opponents, but also to avail himself of them in the most practical form for furthering the aims of German policy. That the Count possesses such qualities must be so much the more important for the Emperor, as he himself, amid the multitude of his duties, cannot get to know more than the quintessence of the affairs of the various departments.

departments. criminal, that the German Emperor from time to time visits Count Bismarck and receives reports in his house, just as in Prince Bismarck's house; but, in doing so, they not only utterly forget their The German Democratic principle of the absolute equality of all the members of a State from the monarch downwards, but also above all, the fact that the Emperor, when he was only Prince William, repeatedly that the Emperor, when he was only Frince William, repeatedly went to the Foreign Office to speak about international questions and affairs of the highest importance with Count Bismarck, who was then already Foreign Secretary, and of whose talents he had often enough had occasion to see proof since his first visit to St. Petersburg in 1884. Add to this that the Count possesses a power of work hardly second to that of his father, who is said to have declared that the day of twenty-four hours is too short, as he had to work for at least twenty of them. This example of their nave declared that the day of them, four hours is too short, as he had to work for at least twenty of them. This example of their chief, of course, influences all the other officials of the Foreign Office, and one often sees lights burning after midnight in the rooms of the Privy Councillors and Councillors in the Wilhelm-

"Berlin, December 31st, 1888."

#### THE EMPEROR IN PRIVATE LIFE

It is quite incorrect to say that the Emperor William II. is always grave, and cannot be otherwise. It is true that he displays great seriousness of deportment on all official occasions, but people who meet him on other occasions are delighted with the amidbility and affable friendliness with which he treats high and low. His family-life especially is distinguished by a quite touching simplicity family-life especially is distinguished by a quite fourning simplicity and cordiality; towards his consort he is the tenderest of husbands, and his sons, in whose childish games he does not disdain to join, honour in him the most loving of fathers. He likes cheerful social life, with suggestive conversation on scientific and important subjects, and the company which he occasionally gathered round life is the long winter evenings—not evaculty a Tobacca Backing. him in the long winter evenings—not exactly a Tobacco Parliament him in the long winter evenings—not exactly a Tobacco Parliament à la Friedrich Wilhelm I., and yet something similar—gave him, it is said, many pleasant hours.

A prominent trait of his character is that he is determined to be above all a German, and nothing but a German. It is, therefore, only amusing to hear people declare that he is anti-English and only amusing to hear people declare that he is anti-English and philo-Russian, and others that he would like to be an Englishman, if he were not a German. Both statements are equally false. He wishes to be simply and solely a German, and has given unambiguous expression to this wish in various ways. When his Berlin residence in the old Palace was being got ready for him, one of the architects asked him whether he would like to have the portrait of the "Roi-Soleil," Louis XIV., hung in his working-room. The Emperor looked at him with an expression of astonishment, and said: "I don't know what you think of me, or what I am to think

of you."

The decided preference for everything German appears in him on
The decided preference for everything German appears in him on all occasions. As his favourite play, when a boy, was Goethe's "Goetz von Berlichingen," his favourites now are "The Quitzows" "Goetz von Berlichingen," his favourites now are "The Quitzows" (though it is pretty easy to write felicitous prophecies post fistum) and similar patriotic plays, especially if the subjects be taken from the history of the Hohenzollerns. His taste in music is similar, Of the older operas his favourites are Meyerbeer's "Camp in Silesia," &c., of the present ones above all those of Richard Wagner, and he is specially fond of marches. He is an enthusiast for German Science and Art, and displays especially for the latter a fine and deep understanding, coupled with a rare sense of colourfor German Science and Art, and displays especially for the latter a fine and deep understanding, coupled with a rare sense of colour-harmony and architectural beauty. It is, therefore, generally believed that, under his reign, the Fine Arts in Germany will enter on a new and brilliant era, which they all the more need, as they have for many decades been forced into the background by the military and other important necessities of the time. Add to this military and other important necessities of the time. Add to this, that on the few public festal occasions which have yet occurred that on the few public festal occasions which have yet occurred during his reign, a pomp and splendour has been displayed, such as has seldom been seen there since the time of the splendour-loving King Frederick I. Never-to-be-forgotten was the spectacle, when, at the opening of his first Reichstag, the Emperor appeared in his Imperial purple mantle, at the head of all the Princes of the German Confederation, a warning hint to all who hoped that the unity of the German Empire would not survive the death of the Emperor William I. Before him marched the great Court-dignitaries with the insignia of the Empire, Count Moltke bearing the Imperial banner, and he was followed by the Knights of the Black Lagle, the highest of the Prussian orders, in their flowing cloaks of violet-purple. The ceremony took place in the splendid White Hall, which looked grand in spite of its mournful decorations, and was filled with German Secretaries of State, Prussian Ministers, members of the Federal Council and the Reichstag, &c. The Emperor took his stand before the Throne, and read the Throne Speech which Prince Bismarck handed to him, with a somewhat hesitating and broken voice at first, but afterwards loud and clearly, repeatedly interrupted by the enthusiastic applause of the people's representatives, who were present in greater numbers than ever before. The truly brilliant reception given by the Emperor and the City of Berlin to the allied King Umberto on his recent visit to the German capital is still fresh in the memories of all. The Army and the Civil Service, the Arts and the Sciences combined with rare during his reign, a pomp and splendour has been displayed, such as

of Berlin to the allied King Umberto on his recent visit to the German capital is still fresh in the memories of all. The Army and the Civil Service, the Arts and the Sciences combined with rare harmony in doing their best to make King Umberto's entrance a real triumphal procession, and their efforts, favoured by the most splendid weather, were crowned with signal success. One of our illustrations represents the moment when the Emperor received his guest at the Anhalt Station, and stepped with him along the front of the guard of honour drawn up there.

at the Anhalt Station, and stepped with him along the front of the guard of honour drawn up there.

Another trait of the Emperor's character must be mentioned here. It is a widespread opinion that he and his father were always most sharply opposed to one another, but nothing is falser. Their characters, indeed, were fundamentally different in many respects, but this never prevented the father from loving his son most affectionately, or the son from returning his father's love with entire sincerity and deepest veneration, which finds its finest and most unambiguous expression in the fact that he regards it as one of his most sacred duties to carry out his father's numerous plans for the public good, which the latter was not permitted to execute. public good, which the latter was not permitted to execute.

# THE EMPEROR AND THE CHANCELLOR

ALL who saw the veteran Prince-Chancellor listening with keenest

All who saw the veteran Prince-Chancellor listening with keenest attention, his hands on the hilt of his big cuirassier-sword, and his head bent a little forward, to the Emperor's words, when His Majesty read his first Throne Speech in the White Hall—all who saw the long-restrained tear roll slowly into his white moustache as saw the long-restrained tear roll slowly into his white moustache as the received the speech back from the Emperor's hand, and tried to he received the speech back from the Emperor's hand, and tried to he received the speech back from the Emperor's hand, and tried to he saw that scene, know well with what feelings he regards the young saw that scene, know well with what feelings he regards the young Monarch, on whom he can look with just pride as almost his only pupil, so far as a man like the Emperor can be called anybody's pupil, so far as a man like the Emperor can be called anybody's words, "This Emperor will be his own Chancellor one day."

Words, "This Emperor will be his own Chancellor are those of the The Emperor's feelings for the Chancellor are those of the Whenever he passes Friedrichsruh when the Chancellor is there, he Whenever he passes Friedrichsruh when the Chancellor is there, he visits to the Northern Courts. He arrived there on July 31st, spent visits to the Northern Courts. He arrived there on July 31st, spent visits to the Northern Courts. He arrived there on July 31st, spent visits to the Northern Courts. Was on October 29th (can illustration afternoon. His second visit was on October 29th (can illustration afternoon that city in the Customs Union. This visit is so much the ration of that city in the Customs Union. This visit is so much the ration of that city in the Customs Union. This visit is to more noteworthy as the Chancellor was compelled at the last more noteworthy as the Chancellor was compelled at the last more noteworthy as the Chancellor, however, which more present at the ceremony. There is nothing, however, which more clearly shows the Emperor's way of t present at the ceremony. There is nothing, however, which more clearly shows the Emperor's way of thinking than the following letter of congratulation, which he sent to the Chancellor at Friedrichsruh last New Year, and of which every true lover of peace hopes for the complete fulfilment. It ran as follows:

"The year which has brought us such severe afflictions and irreparable losses is drawing to a close. The thought that you still stand faithful at my side, and enter the New Year in vigorous strength, fills me with joy and comfort. From the bottom of my strength, fills me with joy and comfort. From the bottom of my heart I desire for you happiness, blessings, and, above all, lasting health, and pray Heaven that I may long be permitted to work with you for the welfare and greatness of our Fatherland.

"Berlin December 25th 1999"



THE elections to the Councils-General in FRANCE have inflicted The elections to the Councils-General in France have inflicted a severe defeat upon General Boulanger. It is always the unexasever defeat upon General Boulanger. It is always the unexasever defeat upon General Boulanger. It is always the unexasever defeat which happens in France, and so, instead of being victorious in eighty cantons, as he confidently predicted, the General was only in eighty cantons, as he confidently predicted, the General was only in eighty cantons. Where he felt quite secure, deserted him. The Boulangists seem to have had some inkling of this result, for, almost at langists seem to have had some inkling of this result, for, almost at langists seem to have had some inkling of this result, for, almost at langists seem to have had some inkling of this result, for, almost at langists seem to have prompted the General a few second ballots necessary on Sunday, may give the General a few second ballots necessary on Sunday, may give the General a few second ballots necessary on Sunday, may give the General a few second ballots necessary on Sunday, may give to be taken. The Boulancer, 12; while 150 second ballots have yet to be taken. The Republicans lost twenty-two seats to the Conservatives, with whom the Boulangists are furious, declaring that their losses resulted from alliance with the Clericals. For the time, therefore, rural France alliance with the Clericals. For the time, therefore, rural France has unmistakeably pronounced for the Republic, and the Government rejoice that the Republicans possess a majority in seventy-five out of ninety departments. Accordingly, the Parliamentary out of ninety departments, while the claim of the Councils-General give a very clear idea of public feeling. They councils-Gener a severe defeat upon General Boulanger. It is always the unexpected which happens in France, and so, instead of being victorious leading and the Canada as t

Politics in Paris, however, are quite secondary to the Exhibition Fites and the Royal visitors, so far as the general public are concerned. Thus, the Shah of Persia creates intense interest, and is leing gorgeously entertained with official banquets, fites at the Exhibition, and so forth. To-morrow (Sunday) also will be the grand commemoration at the Panthéon of the Republican heroes, Carnot, Marceau, Baudin, and La Tour d'Auvergne, whose remains have been cerem miously exhumed from their previous graves, notwithstanding some protests from the relatives of the last hero.

GERMANY is deeply interested in the reception of her

withstanding some protests from the relatives of the last hero.

GEMMANY is deeply interested in the reception of her Emperor in England. This being an official visit, the Emperor brings with him Count Herbert Bismarck and a large suite, whilst His Majesty's yacht Hohenzollern is escorted by a powerful ironclad squudron of ten vessels. Before starting for England the Emperor spent several days at Wilhelmshaven with the Empress on his return from Norway, naval fêtes being given in his honour. He will be home again by August oth to prepare for the Austrian Emperor, who arrives on the 11th, but

has requested that few festivities may take place during his stay, owing to his deep mourning. The Czar, too, wishes for a very quiet visit, and rumour declares that he will go to Potsdam, where he can escape the public better than at Berlin. German affairs in East Afr ca arouse as much discussion as ever, and the Cologne Gazette vigorously pursues its parable against England for harassing Dr. Peters' Expedition and hampering Captain Wissmann. However, the British authorities have allowed Captain Wissmann to utilise the Neera, which they had seized for landing arms. Another battle between the Germans and Bushiri is shortly expected, while Captain Wissmann has offered a heavy reward for the chief's head on hearing from a member of the German East African Company who made his escape—that Bushiri had killed his companion with his own hand.

his own hand.

In EGYPT an important battle between the British-Tgyptian forces cannot be long delayed, now that both sides have mustered their full fighting strength. Notwithstanding Captain Lewis's watchfulness Maku-el-Nur gradually stole onwards from Sarras till he at last joined Wad-el-Njumi near Abu Simbel, bringing five hundred men and numerous camels laden with grain. The Emir made a wide detour to avoid the Egyptians, marching some eight or ten miles inland. Thus strengthened, Wad-el-Njumi at once struck his camp, and is moving slowly northwards, parallel with the Nile, to follow out his declared intention of conquering Egypt, even if he has to take the desert road. His difficulties of procuring food and water remain unaltered however, and now that he has extra fighting men to feed, deserters from the Dervish force are more numerous than ever, coming into the Egyptian camp in starving numerous than ever, coming into the Egyptian camp in starving condition. Many refugees also consist of local tribes swept onwards by the Dervish advance, so the British commanders have arranged for the natives to be sent down the river where food is more plentiful. By this time General Grenfell's force consists of a brigade of British troops and two brigades of Egyptian soldiers, fully ready for the field. Sufficient garrisons have been left at all important points, while the Nile is closely patrolled by four genboats, which cruise up and down freely, since the river has risen to a satisfactory height. The Egyptian forces are divided into two columns, one, under Colonel Wodehouse, being charged to march between Wadel-Njumi and the Nile to keep the Dervishes from the water, while the other, under Colonel Kitchener, awaits the rebel advance at Toski. An advance-post of the Dervishes attacked Toski on Monday, but were driven off with a loss of some sixty men. Most of the British regiments will be maused at Korosko, under General de Montmorency, others coming up from Cairo and Alexandria to fill their place at Assouan. Some anxiety is felt lest more Dervishes should march through the Nubian Desert to join the rebel force, but the Abaddi tribes of this district under Beshir Bey rem in loyal, and a detachment of the Camel Corps have gone to the Abrak Wells to support them. Owing to the despatch of so many troops to the front, the Delta is rather scantily protected, and some uneasiness prevails, especially in Cairo. numerous than ever, coming into the Egyptian camp in starving condition. Many refugees also consist of local tribes swept onwards some uneasiness prevails, especially in Cairo.

In Eastern Europe no improvement can be reported from Crette, whence many Christian families have fled in panic. Disorder and bloodshed prevail in many parts of the island, all business is suspended, and the leaders of the insurgent movement are determined not to submit without their grievances being redressed. A deputation has gone to Constantinople to complain to the Porte, which has at last decided to recall the obnoxious Governor, Strtinsky Pasha. A fresh Inquiry Commission will also be despatched with a strong body of troops. The foreign Consuls strive to allay the agitation, and Greece seems to be honestly discouraging the project of annexation, but the outlook is far from hopeful. English warvessels have gone to Suda Bay, and the French will also despatch several war ships. Notwithstan ling alarmist rumours, the situation in Servia seems temporarily calmer. Ex-King Milan loudly protests his loyalty to his son, and his contentment with the present state of affairs, while he is ostentatiously civil to such old enemies protests nis loyalty to his son, and his contentment with the present state of affairs, while he is ostentatiously civil to such old enemies as the Metropolitan Michael. However, the Metropolitan openly supports Queen Natalie's return, and declares that he will reopen

the divorce question, so that fresh troubles may be expected King Milan intends to leave Servia in a fortnight, when King Alexander will be allowed to see his mother—outside Servian soil, however.—Lord Salisbury's reassuring remarks on the Eastern situation have given general satisfaction, and BULGARIA is especially delighted at the British premier's complimentary allusions to her progresses.

progresss.

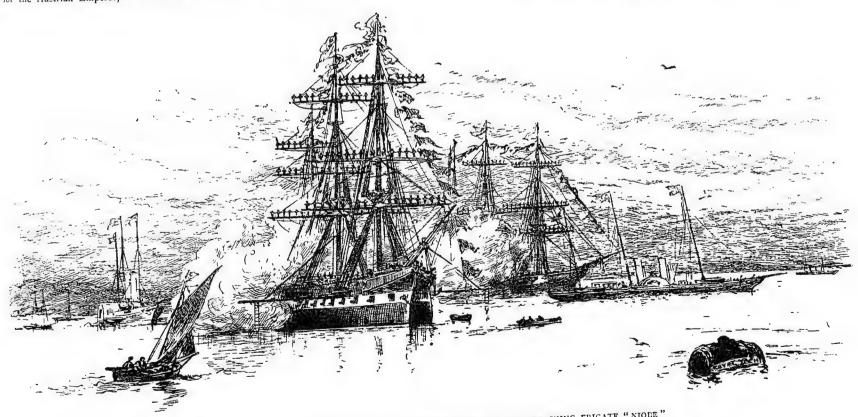
INDIA is disappointed that a satisfactory settlement with Tibet seems as far off as ever, the negotiations between Mr. Hart and the Chinese Amba having proved fruitless after all. Though China would not object to the British punishing the Tibetans, she will afford England no assistance. Radical changes are being made in the Indian army, and many departments hitherto under local management will now be controlled directly by the Supreme Government. As yet, however, the three Presidency armies cannot be united under the Supreme Government till a special Act of Parliament is passed. Madras suffers grievously from the effects of the cholera epidemic. In AFGHANISTAN, a frontier railway in being built through the Amran range, and the terminus will be defended by a fort specially built at the foot of the Khojak. In this neighbourhood the Orakzais are very troublesome, perpetually raiding on bourhood the Orakzais are very troublesome, perpetually raiding on British territory, and a run tive expedition is discussed. The health of the Chief Commissioner in Burma, Sir C. Crosthwaite, having broken down health of the Chief Commissioner in Burma, Sir C. Crosthwaite, having broken down health of the Chief Commissioner in Burma, Sir C. Crosthwaite, having broken down health of the Chief Commissioner in Burma and the Commissioner in Burma and the Commissioner in Burma and the Chief Commissioner in Burma and the Commissioner in Burma and the Chief Commissioner in Burma and the Commissioner in Burma and the Commissioner in Burma and the Chief Chief Commissioner in Burma and the Chief having broken down, he will shortly go on leave, his post being filled by Mr. A. P. MacDonnell, Home Secretary to the Indian Government. Much sickness also prevails among the troops and police in Upper Burma, chiefly fever and scurvy.

Commercial circles in the UNITED STATES are alarmed by the Commercial circles in the UNITED STATES are alarmed by the increase of British influence over important American industries. English capital is said to control some of the largest breweries in the States, and to monopolise the salt-trade, besides being largely invested in iron, steel, and flour-mills, tobacco and sugar factories, and cattle ranches. Further, British agents have just tried, unsuccessfully, to buy up several enormous stores in New York, and even the well-known Delmonico restaurant. The Cronin case proceeds very slowly. Burke has been refused extradition at Winnipeg, and will now be transferred to Chicago, where the five other accused were formally arraigned on Monday for murder. All pleaded not guilty, and the trial was postponed till October. Besides the Cronin agitation, Chicago has been appalled by a terrific rain-storm, which deluged the city and suburbs, destroying buildings and several lives. Over four inches of rain fell in two hours and a quarter, and most of the houses were flooded. By the bye, 6,000 persons perished in the great floods of Johnstown, according to the official estimate. The fishery dispute has again broken out, for an American revenue cutter seized the Victoria sailing schooner, Black Diamond, in Behring's Sea. The vessel escaped to Victoria, amid much excitement.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Austria expects a poor harvest, except in increase of British influence over important American industries.

Sea. The vessel escaped to Victoria, amid much excitement.

MISCELLANEOUS. ——AUSTRIA expects a poor harvest, except in the Tyrol. However, the grape crop promises to be splendid, if it is not spoiled by a repetition of the terrible hurricane which swept over Southern Hungary last week. Szegedin suffered especially. Houses and windmills were blown down, and many lives lost.—RUSSIA, on the other hand, needs rain grievously. Owing to the drought the vast grain crops in the Southern Provinces will probably fail utterly, while scarcely any fodder is left for the cattle, which are already starving.—In BELGIUM the Congo Railway has been constituted, now that Parliament has sanctioned the Government subscription of 400,000!. The founders of the scheme give 200,000!, so only 400,000! remains to be raised by public subscription.—The late unsuccessful attempt to assassinate the Emperor of BRAZIL was instigated by the Republicans, according to the confession of the criminal, a Portuguese, named Adriano Valles.—The Yellow River in CHINA has again burst its banks at Shantung, fifty miles from the mouth. Everything in the neighbourhood has been destroyed, and the country is twelve feet under water.—JAPAN has experienced a disastrous earthquake at Kumanoto, near Nagasaki.—A new Crown Colony will be formed in WEST AFRICA. By the natives' own Colony will be formed in WEST AFRICA. By the natives' own choice the oil rivers from Benin to Old Calabar are to be placed under British control.



ALBERTA," WITH THE QUEEN ON BOARD, PASSING THE GERMAN TRAINING FRIGATE "NIODE"



THE marriage of Princess Louise of Wales with Lord Fife was duly celebrated on Saturday in Buckingham Palace Chapel. As the only celebrated on Saturday in Buckingham Palace Chapel. As the wedding is fully described and illustrated in our Special Number, only an outline of the proceedings need be given here. The Queen with Prince and Princess Henry came to town from Osborne on the preceding day, and went immediately to Marlborough House to see the brile-elect and her presents. In the evening Her Majesty gave

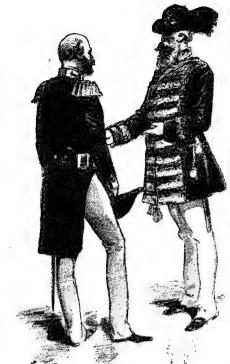
a dinner-party at the Palace, attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales and family, Prince and Princess Christian with their daughters, the Duke of Cambridge and the Teck family, and the Earl of Fife. The ceremony next day took place at noon in the Palace Chapel, which had been beautifully decorated with flowers under Princess Louise's direction, Princess Beatrice superintending the floral decorations in the Palace itself. Besides the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal Family in England, the King of the Hellenes, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and the Danish Crown Prince were also present. The Archbishop of Canterbury performed the Service, assisted by the Bishop of London, the Dean of Windsor, the Rector of Sandringham, and the Rev. Teignmouth Shore, and the Prince of Wales gave his daughter away. The bride wore white stin, covered with point de gaze lace, and veil of the same, a tiny spray of white heather—good luck—ornamenting her bodice, while the bouquet was of white moss roses

and orange-blossom. Lord Fife was in the green and silver uniform of the Banffshire Artillery, and the eight bridesmaids were dressed in pale pink, with knots of pale pink moss roses in their hair, matching their bouquets. After the ceremony the Princess Louise embraced the Queen and her mother, and Lord Fife kissed their embraced the Queen and her mother, and Lord Fife kissed their hands, the bride and bridegroom then heading the procession to the Lower Drawing-Room to sign the register, and subsequently to the State Dining-Room for the Wedding Breakfast. The bridal party were next photographed in the garden, and later left for Marlborough House, where other guests assembled to greet the happy pair. The bride and bridegroom left late in the afternoon for Sheen House, and received an enthusiastic welcome on the road, especially at Sheen, where bouquets and gifts were presented to the Princess. The Duke of Fife and his bride remain at Sheen for a fortnight, and will then go to Scotland.

The Queen, with Prince and Princess Henry, returned to Osborne















THE EMPEROR'S PAGE

COSTUMES OF THE PRUSSIAN COURT



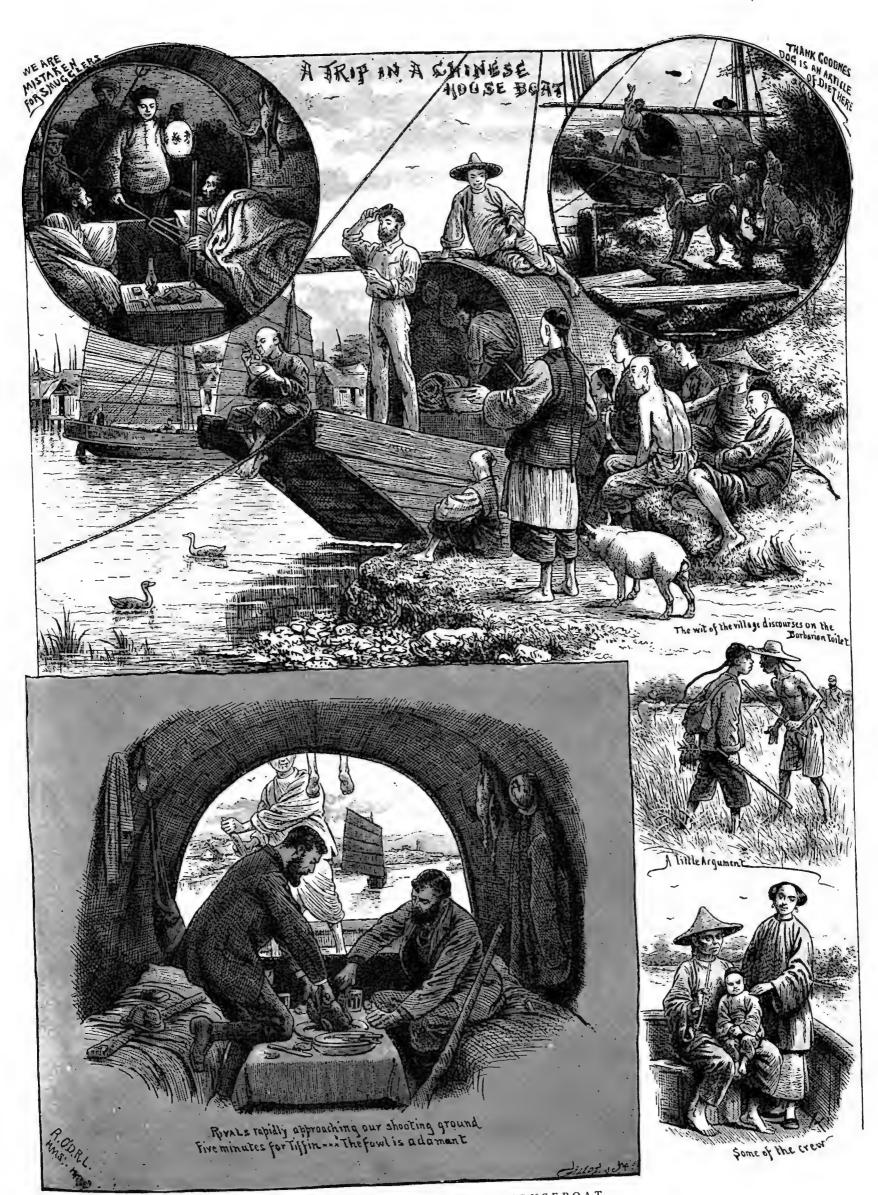
COUNT WALDERSEE
Chief of the General Staff of the Army



COUNT BISMARCK State Secretary of the Foreign Office



VICE-ADMIRAL BARON VON DER GOLTZ Chief of the Admiralty,



LIFE ON A CHINESE HOUSEBOAT

immediately after her grand-daughter's wedding. Whilst crossing from Gosport to Cowes in the Alberta the Royal party made a tour of the fleet assembled at Spithead, the yards being manned, and a salute fired as Her Majesty passed. (Our illustration and a salute fired as Her Majesty passed, and a salute fired as Her Majesty passed, and this incident.) On Sunday the Queen, with the Prince and this incident.) On Sunday the Queen, with the Prince and Princess attended Divine Service at Osborne. The Shah of Princes artended Divine Service at Osborne. The Shah of Persia arrived on Monday to bid farewell to Her Majesty. The Persia arrived on Monday to bid farewell to Her Majesty. The Persia arrived on Monday to bid farewell to Her Majesty. The Drien and Prince and Prince for the Grand Vizier, and the Queen also held a general reception of the Persian suite to distribute various decorations. The Shah afterwards drove round the grounds with Prince and Princess Henry, and planted a fir-tree, finally with Prince and Princess Henry, and planted a fir-tree, finally with Prince and Princess Henry, and planted a fir-tree, finally with Prince and Princess Henry, and planted a fir-tree, finally with Prince and Princess Henry and planted a fir-tree, finally with Prince and Princess Henry and planted a fir-tree, finally with Prince and Princess Henry and planted a fir-tree, finally with Prince and Princess Henry and planted a fir-tree, finally with Prince and Princess from rheumatism, thanks to the sea-air and cooler weather. Her Majesty may probably try a course of baths at Stratpheffer, in Ross-shire, during the autumn, and it is even stated that a long sea-voyage has been recommended for her health, such as a trip to America or India. Meanwhile the Queen remains at the America or India. Meanwhile the Queen remains as a trip to America or India. Meanwhile the Queen remains as a trip to America or India. Meanwhile the Queen remains a color weather. Her Prince and Princess of Welses and family with the King of the Hellenes went t Frederick and daughters also joining the party.



THE ROYAL WEDDING MUSIC .- The music performed at the THE ROYAL WEDDING MUSIC.—The music performed at the Royal Wedding on Saturday was, in some respects, of a rather more interesting character than usual. The clergy were received with a "Nuptial March" specially composed for the occasion by Mr. Jekyll, organist of the Chapel Royal. It is, we believe, not yet published. The Queen's procession was received with the March from the Occasional Oratorio, composed by Handel to celebrate the suppression of the Stuart rebellion in 1745. This March it will be published. The Queen's procession was received with the March from the Occasional Oratorio, composed by Handel to celebrate the suppression of the Stuart rebellion in 1745. This March, it will be recollected, forms the last movement of the overture, and at its performance at the Handel Festival it is invariably encored. The bridegroom walked up the chapel at Buckingham Palace to the strains of the "Pilgrim's March" from Tannhäuser, while the bride's procession was accompanied by the wedding music from Lohengrin. The last, although now popular at weddings, is more appropriate for the beauty of its music than for its association with the sad story of the opera. For, as music-lovers will recollect, in Lohengrin the bride is separated from her husband on their wedding day, and for the more or less venial sin of female curiosity is destined never to see her lord again. Before the Archbishop's address to the young married couple, an anthem, specially composed by Mr. Barnby, was sung by the choir of the Chapel Royal, St. James's. It is entitled, "Oh, Perfect Love!" is dedicated to the bride, and is set to words written by Dorothy Blomfield, daughter of the Bishop, and already familiar to us through the marriage hymn by Dr. W. H. Monk, so frequently heard at weddings. Mr. Barnby's anthem, though admirable for its melodiousness and for the skillum manner in which it is harmonised for the four-part chorus, is of a comparatively simple character as it is intended to he wed at manner in which it is harmonised for the four-part chorus, is of a comparatively simple character, as it is intended to be used at marriages generally, and is therefore quite within the means of an ordinary church choir.

ordinary church choir.

The Operas.—We understand it is likely that Mr. Augustus Harris's projected autumnal season of Italian Opera at Drury Lane will not pass without opposition. Señor Lago has an idea of opening a five weeks' season at Covent Garden at the close of the Promenade Concerts, and Mr. J. H. Mapleson has already made an offer to hire the house during the same period.

The provincial troupe directed by Mr. J. W. Turner, once a tenor of the Carl Rosa company. commenced a brief season at the

of the Carl Rosa company, commenced a brief season at the Princess's on Monday, with Wallace's Maritana. The company is hardly equal to the metropolitan standard, but the most satisfactory

hardly equal to the metropolitan standard, but the most satisfactory artist on Monday was Miss Duncan, who played the titular part.

The summer opera season closed last Saturday, when Otello was given for the last time at the Lyceum, and Roméo et Juliette was performed at the Royal Italian Opera. The Prince and Princess of Wales, and a large number of the Royal Wedding guests, were present at Covent Garden, and at the close of the opera Signor Mancinelli conducted Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," the whole audience meanwhile upstanding. The repertory of the Covent Garden season has included sixteen operas, whereof, according to the management, Die Meistersinger and Roméo drew according to the management, Die Meistersinger and Roméo drew according to the management, Die Rieistersinger and Komeo drew the largest houses. In regard to the number of performances, Roméo and Faust headed the list with seven representations each, followed by Lohengrin, six; Carmen and Die Meistersinger, four; Traviala, Aida, Don Giovanni and Les Huguenols, three; The Pearl Fishers, Sonnambula, Figaro, Rigoletto, and Trovatore, two; and Mefistofele and Guillaume Tell one performance each. The only

promise remaining unfilled is the revival of Le Prophète, which is postponed until next year. Next season also Mr. Harris propose, to revive Tannhäuser in Italian, and, if possible, to give Hamlet. Wagner's Die Walküre, and Gluck's Orfeo, or, at least, one of them.

STUDENTS' CONCERTS. — The annual orchestral concert was

Wagner's Die Walküre, and Gluck's Orfeo, or, at least, one of them.

STUDENTS' CONCERTS.—The annual orchestral concert was given by the Royal College Students last week. The most successiven by the Royal College Students last week. The most successiven by the Programme were Brahms' first pianoforte concert in D minor, of the enormous difficulties of which that remarkably in D minor, of the enormous difficulties of which that remarkably in D minor, of the enormous difficulties of which that remarkably in D minor, of the enormous difficulties of which that remarkably in D minor, of the enormous difficulties of which that remarkably in D minor, of the enormous difficulties of which that remarkably in D minor, of the enormous difficulties of which that we was admitted to a Royal College Studentship, from the Potteries, was admitted to a Royal College Studentship, from the Potteries. The "Good Friday" music from Wagner's Parsifal was somewhat The "Good Friday" music from Wagner's Parsifal was somewhat The "Good Friday" music from Wagner's Parsifal was somewhat The "Good Friday" music from Wagner's Parsifal was somewhat The "Good Friday" music from Wagner's Parsifal was given of beyond the students, was conducted by Professor Villiers Stanford.

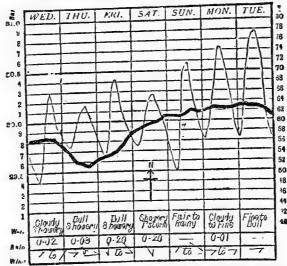
The Royal Academy students, on Friday, likewise gave their The Royal Academy students, that is to say a melodious romance for gramme were by students, that is to say a melodious romance for gramme were by students, that is to say a melodious romance for gramme were by students, that is to say a melodious romance for gramme were by students, that is to say a melodious romance for gramme were by students, that is to say a melodious romance for gramme were by students, that is to say a melodious romance for gramme were by students, that is to say a melodious romance for gramme were by students, that were spirit of the Spirit of the Glen." Mr. Drysdale is a young Scotchman, and like Mr. Hamish M'Cann, he Drysdale is a young Scotchman, and like Mr. Hamish M'Cann, he preformance in which Sebastian Bach used for five of the chorales in his St. Natinew "Passion Music." But the best written number of the whole work is indisputably the long and magnificent fugue with which the anthem concludes. Lady De Grey on Saturday distributed the prizes to the students, and in the course of his speech Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, the principal, referred to the fact that there were nearly 500 pupils in the Academy.

the Academy.

Notes and News.—Preparations are being rapidly pushed forward for the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden on the 10th inst., and at Her Majesty's a few days later.—The sudden death is announced, of consumption, at the age of eighteen, of Mr. Harry Ball, a promising young scholar at the Royal College of Music.—For the Norwich Festival Dr. Hubert Parry has undertaken to write a sacred cantata. Fudas Maccabaus will begin and taken to write a sacred cantata. Fudas Maccabaus will begin and taken to write a sacred cantata. Fudas Maccabaus will begin and Elijah will close the Festival.—Messrs. Paterson, of Edinburgh, have commissioned Mr. Hamish McCann to write for them a new Scottish cantata, entitled The Cameronian's Dream. This will be given in the course of the Winter Concerts, together with Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's new choral cantata, The Cotter's Saturday Night, originally announced for the Birmingham Festival.—Madame Patti is expected in England from Buenos Ayres on the 10th inst.—Madame Fioretti, who some years ago was a popular operatic prima donna in London, died last month in Italy, at the age of fifty-two.—Boito has written the libretto for a new four-act opera, Parisina, composed by a young Italian pianist, Signorina Gilda Ruta. It will be produced in Rome next winter.

# WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, JULY 30, 1889.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (30th ult.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

Remarks.—The weather of the past week has again been unsettled, rainy, and decidedly cool generally. During the early part of the week pressure was highest in an anticyclone, which was lying over Spain and France, and lowest in a well-marked depression, whose centre subsequently travelled from the Atlantic across Scotland in an Easterly direction. The winds at first were, therefore, from the Southward, but veered to the Eastward in the North, and to the Westward in the South as the disturbance progressed across the country, while finally they drew into the Northward generally. In force these winds reached a fresh gale from the North-Eastward over Scotland. Dull weather was experienced in most parts of the country, and thunderstorms occurred in many places over England, accompanied by occasional sharp falls of rain. In the rear of the disturbance just referred to pressure rose slowly over the whole of the United Kingdom, and by the close of the week the highest values were found extending from the West Coast of Norway through Great Britain to France and Germany. Strong South-Easterly breezes were felt on our South-West Coasts, but in most other localities the wind was very light in force, and variable in direction. The weather, although locally fine and bright in many parts of the United Kingdom, was foggy at many of the Western Stations, and dull or cloudy at the majority of places. The mid-day temperature was considerably below the average during the greater part of the week, the deficit amounting to as much as to or more at some of the English Stations. At the close of the period a distinct improvement in this respect, however, was noticed, wh

THE CZAR has a great dread of railway travelling since the Borki disaster, when the Imperial party narrowly escaped destruction. Extra precautions will be taken, therefore, during his coming visit to Germany. Troops will guard every yard of the route through Russia from St. Petersburg viâ Wirballen and Eydtkuhnen, and the line has been minutely inspected and repaired throughout. His Majesty will travel in a special train which formerly belonged to the ex-Empress Eugenie.



A "TRICYCLE-CAB" is plying for hire in Berlin. It is propelled by two riders, and carries two passengers.

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT OWEN STANLEY IN NEW GUINEA recently accomplished by Sir W. MacGregor, will probably win for the explorer the Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society.

PRINCESS LOUISE OF WALES bore three different titles at intervals during her wedding-day. Before her marriage she was Princess Louise of Wales; after the ceremony she had become Countess of Fife, and after the wedding-breakfast she was Duchess of Fife, the Queen having created her husband Marquis of Macduff and Duke of Fife.

THE GUILDHALL ART GALLERY will shortly contain some fine full-length portraits of Russian Sovereigns, presented on permanent loan by Lord Addington, President of the Russia Company. The portraits represent Peter the Great, Catherine the Great, Nicholas I. and Alexander I. and II., and were given by the Sovereigns themselves to the Company as tokens of amity and good-will.

THE GERMAN EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION seems to be prospering, notwithstanding Dr. Peters' complaints of English interference. The German explorer hopes to be with Emin by the end of October or the beginning of November. Instead of porters, he uses camels and donkeys to carry the stores, each camel doing the work of ten porters. Donkeys will also drag his two small the work of ten porters. the work of ten porters. Donkeys will also drag his two small guns, while the doctor himself rides a horse. As far as Vitu the natives have been friendly, and all the members of the expedition are in good health and spirits.

are in good nearth and spirits.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN FRONTIER running through the Vosges is being carefully rectified by officials from the two countries. In some places the frontier line passes through such dense forests that extensive clearings have to be made to mark the divisions and erect the frontier posts. The Germans have put up two hundred posts strong iron columns comented into granite beds so as to erect the frontier posts. The Germans have put up two hundred posts, strong iron columns cemented into granite beds so as to prevent any malicious removal of the boundary mark. At the top of each post is a big disc bearing the Hohenzollern eagle in black, surrounded by red and white bands to complete the national colours, and inscribed "German Empire."

THE FOUNTAIN OF ETERNAL YOUTH exists in Nevada, U.S.A. THE FOUNTAIN OF ETERNAL YOUTH exists in Inevada, U.S.A.—so says the New York Herald. A septuagenarian negro recently found a clear spring, of which he drank repeatedly. At the end of a month his grey hairs had turned black, his failing sight was restored, his steps became firm, and he was a strong young man again. This discovery rivals M. Brown-Séquard's Life Elixir, which has created so much amusement and satire in Paris. Last which has created so much amusement and saure in rans. Last week the Lancet reported the case of a gentleman aged sixty-two, who had become bald at a comparatively early age. Recently he was severely burnt about the head during a gas explosion, since when his head has been covered with a thin coating of brown hair.

when his nead has been covered with a thin coating of brown hair.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased slightly again last week, when
the deaths numbered 1,553 against 1,556 during the previous seven
days, being a decline of 3, and 275 below the average. The deathrate also fell to 18-6 per 1,000. The casualties from diarrhoa and
dysentery declined to 271 (a decrease of 3), while the fatal cases of
cholera and choleraic diarrhoa remained at 10. There were 44
deaths from diphtheria (an increase of 21), 20 from measles (a fall deaths from diphtheria (an increase of 21), 20 from measles (a fall deaths from dipatheria (an increase of 21), 20 from measies (a fail of 9), 19 from whooping-cough (a decline of 10), 8 from enteric fever (a rise of 2), 6 from scarlet fever (a decrease of 12), and 1 from an ill-defined form of fever. Ten persons were drowned, six committed suicide, and nine infants under a year old were suffocated. There were 2,736 births registered—an increase of 109, but 411 below the usual return but 411 below the usual return.

A SWEEPING REFORM IN RAILWAY FARES begins this week on the Hungarian State Lines. The Government propose to carry travellers at almost uniform charges, like letters, dividing the distances into two zones, local and general. The local zones comprise two charges: one from station to station, 6d., 3d., and 2d., according to class; the second including the whole distance, and costing 8d., 4/2d., and 3d. The general zones vary from 15 miles to beyond 140 miles, and are subdivided into fourteen zones, the fares for each zone, from the first to the twelfth, being 10d., 8d., and 5d.; and, for the two last, 1s. 8d., 1s. 2d., and 1cd. apiece. Distances beyond 140 miles cost no more: for example, the journey from Buda-Pesth to Fiume on the Adriatic can now be made for 13s. 8d., instead of 3d. 1s. This plan appears excellent for long distances, but it is doubtful whether it will answer for short journeys. If it succeeds, the private Hungarian lines will be obliged to adopt the system. A SWEEPING REFORM IN RAILWAY FARES begins this week on A PICTURESQUE VINTAGE FÊTE takes place next week at Vevey,

A PICTURESQUE VINTAGE FÊTE takes place next week at Vevey, on the Lake of Geneva. For centuries past the Fête des Vigneions has been aregular national celebration, held at intervals of fitteen to twenty years; and, as no festival has been held since 1866, the coming display arouses special interest. The fête includes a grand mythological procession, with open-air operatic and ballal performances, in the Vevey market-place, which is converted for the occasion into a vast amphitheatre, with the lake and mountains as background. Some 1,300 persons take part—all inhibitures of background. Some 1,300 persons take part—all inhibitures of the performances represent the rural occupations of the year, The performances represent the rural occupations of the year, illustrated by processions of the Seasons, the Goddess Ceres, with illustrated by processions of the Seasons, with Pan, Silenus, Satyrs, Nymphs, Fauns, and Dryads, and Bacchus, with Pan, Silenus, Satyrs, and Bacchantes, each troop being headed by a High Priest with stentorian voice. The troop representing Winter is especially interesting, comprising twenty-two young couples in the ancient costumes of the twenty-two Swiss Cantons.

Paris Exhibition Thems.—All methods of locomotion are being tried by wrighten to the Enhibition.

costumes of the twenty-two Swiss Cantons.

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# THE GRAPHIC

# THE WHITE MAN'S GRAVE

THE WHITE MAN'S GRAVE

Seen from the deck of a steamer, Freetown, the port and capital of Sierra Leone, is by no means so repellent in appearance as we should expect from its gruesome cognomen. It is situated picturesquely enough on the peninsula of Sierra Leone, just within the broad mouth of the river of that name; water before it, the low, green mountain behind it, and its houses almost hidden in the palm trees that grow in every garden. Soon after the gun that announces our arrival has awakened the many answering echoes that rattle among the hills, we are boarded by specimens of the many races that inhabit the place. Here is the English judge, come, according to his custom, to see if there is any one he knows on board. Then there is the black washerwoman in her English dress, except for her head, which is attired in a gaudy bandana; next we notice the Mahommedan negroes, known as the Mandingoes, the original inhabitants of the place before England acquired it as a settlement for all negroes released from captured slave-ships. The descendants of these people have acquired the English dress, language, and religion; while the Mandingo retains his Mahommedanism, his flowing robe, and turban, and has only learnt English enough to enable him to name the prices of the ornamental leather-work which he has brought to sell to passengers. Swords and daggers he has in leather sheaths, environed and worked with other leathers of various colours; powder horns and pouches of the same material he shows us of similar workmanship, but everything is of a warlike nature.

These frenzied creatures, shouting and gesticulating all at once,

he shows us of similar workmanship, but everything is of a warlike nature.

These frenzied creatures, shouting and gesticulating all at once, and almost fighting in the efforts of each crew to get their own boat first to the ladder, are Krooboys, anxious to be engaged to work cargo along the Guinea coast to which the ship is about to proceed, a coast where hard work is out of the question for European sailors. They are decently clad now, but once they are engaged their clothes will be put away, and we shall see them on deck clad in little more than a waist-cloth—a somewhat striking sight for ladies on their first voyage.

And now let us go ashore; it is an easy matter here, there is no venturing one's life through a raging surf in a great boat propelled by ten naked paddlers, as is the case at the Gold Coast. Here we take our seats in a moderate-sized boat, and are rowed, not paddled, by a couple of decently-dressed negroes, who direct us in English how to allow for the current in steering—no European would attempt to steer through a Gold Coast surf; he leaves his boat and his life in the hands of the unclothed negro, who stands erect steering with an oar, and shouting his commands in Fantee. There is no being carried through the water by naked negroes when we land here; the boat runs alongside the broad stone steps, and we set foct on Africa.

Along the wide grassy streets we take our way to the only sight of the town—the vegetable market, a long, broad, airy building that might be copied with advantage at Covent Garden. Here we see pines, oranges, limes, bananas, and melons in profusion, and, better than all, the avocado pear, the best thing for a salad that West Africa produces. Brown-looking roots we see also, used by the natives as medicines for divers complaints.

Coming out of the cool market into the hot glare of the street, we see opposite us the Court House, where the English judge is wont to listen to the arguments of negro barristers. But we desire

something more refreshing than forensic eloquence just now, and so will lose no time in looking up our friends at the barracks. Up the hill we toil, along roads where the houses are embowered in gardens of flowering shrubs, past Government House, and still upwards of flowering shrubs, past Government House, and still upwards that is fever visible, and at last we reach the barracks of the West that is fever visible, and at last we reach the barracks of the West that is fever visible, and at last we reach the barracks of the West that is fever visible, and at last we reach the barracks of the West Coast is put, and inquiries are exchanged—inquiries to which the answer is too often inquiries are exchanged—inquiries to which the answer is too often inquiries are exchanged—inquiries to which the answer is too often inquiries are exchanged—inquiries to which the answer is too often inquiries are exchanged—inquiries to which the answer is too often inquiries are exchanged—inquiries to which the answer is too often inquiries are exchanged—inquiries to which the answer is too often inquiries and inquiries are exchanged—inquiries to which the answer is too often inquiries and inquiri

are carried on to spen1 the next two years—if we live so long—amongst the naked savages of the Gold Coast.

In two months the news comes that the senior surgeon, who was at that dinner at Sierra Leone, is dead—for it is not for nothing that Sierra Leone is called the White Man's Grave.

E. E.

#### PROVINS

PROVINS

Not one in ten thousand of the crowds that flock to Paris this season will ever dream of visiting Provins, the Provins of Roses as it is called, of Abeilard, too, and of Guyot. Yet it is there close at hand—not on the great highway, though, luckily for those who live there—one of the quaintest, prettiest nooks in Europe.

It is little more than a village now, but in very early days it seems to have been an important town, one strongly fortified, too, if we may judge by the great ramparts which wind around La Ville Basse, and then, by dint of many cunningly-devised curves, contrive to encompass also La Ville Haute—the part of the town built on the top of a rock, which rises almost sheer for some four hundred feet. The glory of La Ville Haute is its church, which dominates the whole country around, its monastery, and its convents; La Ville Basse, on the other hand, boasts of its picturesque old buildings, its avenue of giant trees, and, above all, its river.

During all the months I passed in Provins, I never once heard the name of this river; the Seine, or the Loire, may require distinguishing appellations, but for the Provinois there is in this world emphatically but one river. In truth, I must confess the stream really seems to have an individuality of its own, it indulges in such inexplicable twists and twirls, flowing under houses one moment, making its way up the hill-side the next, and always appearing in the very place one would least expect to find it. Just beyond the ramparts, separated from the town by a sharp rock, there stands a square, sinister-looking tower, built of black stone. Now it is uninhabited, but in the Middle Ages it was the official residence of the public executioner, and is almost the last of its kind in Europe.

It was in the Monastery at Provins that Abeilard wrote the Dissertations which spread such dismay amongst the ortholox of his

of the public executioner, and is almost the last of its kind in Europe.

It was in the Monastery at Provins that Abeilard wrote the Dissertations which spread such dismay amongst the ortholox of his time. He wrote too, whilst there, those letters to Héloise, so full of passionate tenderness, pathos, and love. A tradition still lingers in the neighbourhood that Héloïse, in defiance of the thunders of Church, more than once visited Abeilard in Provins; and that the two used to wander together under the shade of the great trees on the ramparts, indulging in sly jokes, perhaps, at the expense of those who thought iron bars could keep them apart.

Guyot, a monk who lived in the early part of the thirteenth century, and who was the first of the grand army of pamphleters, was a native of Provins. He had a keen seent for detecting abuses, and an unequalled power of fierce invective in denouncing them. Kings, Bishops, dignitaries, nay, the very Pope himself came under the lash of his tongue; it was only the poor and suffering who escape 1 unscathed. Again and again he was summoned before Councils, censured, threatened; but it was impossible to make him un lerstand that vice in high places must not be attacked; he looked around in such open-eyed wonder when those in authority attempted to give him covert lessons in worldly wisdom, that for very shame



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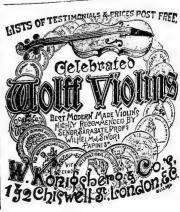
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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they were forced to desist, and leave him to spread abroad his fiery pamphlets undisturbed.

During the late war, the Provinois alone, of all the people in France, contrived to live with their German conquerors on terms of friendship and goodwill. Being eminently simple-minded, peaceloving individuals, they had been quite content to receive, without question, the official intimation that all was going well. They had, perhaps, wondered vaguely sometimes why their Emperor was so long in arriving at Berlin; but no suspicion of disaster entered their minds until one morning the news came that the Prussians were within a few hours' march of the town. Every man, woman, and child then ru hed into the market-place wild with terror, for Prussian in their eyes was synonymous with Bashi-Bazouk or Cannibal. The thought of offering resistance never occurred to them; their one anxiety was to discover how they might best turn away the wrath of these terrible invaders.

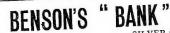
"Que faut-il faire, mon Dieu? Que faut-il faire?" was heard on all sides, with tears and sobs. The Sous-Préfet, the Curé, the lawyer, and all les gens d'esprit tore their hair as they realised their helplessness. Now Monsieur le Maire was not counted one of the gens d'esprit—in fact, as his fellow-townsmen knew well, he owed his position to his wealth and good temper, not his brains—no one, therefore, thought of appealing to him for advice. He sat for

some time without uttering a word, whilst his colleagues wildly bewailed the awful fate that surely awaited them: then those who were near noticed a faint smile begin to play around the corners of his mouth, and a suspicion of a twinkle to light up his eyes. "M. his mouth, and a suspicion of a twinkle to light up his eyes. "M. his mouth, and a suspicion of a twinkle to light up his eyes. "M. his mouth, and a suspicion of a twinkle to light up his eyes. "M. his mouth, and a suspicion of indignation would have burst forth at his unseemly manifestation of indignation would have burst forth at his unseemly manifestation of indignation would have burst forth at his unseemly manifestation of indignation would have burst forth at his unseemly manifestation of indignation would have head to seem and raising his hand to command silence, quietly remarked, "These Prussians will be hungry," he repeated. He paused again, and then added, with a significant glance, "Let us feed again, and then added, with a significant glance, "Let us feed them." Les gens d'esprit were convinced that M. le Maire had lost them." Les gens d'esprit were convinced that M. le Maire had lost them." Les gens d'esprit were convinced that M. le Maire had lost them." Les gens d'esprit were convinced that M. le maire had lost them. The gens d'esprit were convinced that M. le maire had lost them. The rovinois to a man were wending their way along the road to the east, going forth with offerings to propitiate along the road to the east, going forth with offerings to propitiate the Prussians. Such offerings too! The most flaky of patés, the sweetest of cakes, the best of wines, rosy apples, grapes, baked meats of every sort and kind, for the rich and poor alike had combined in bringing forth all they had that was tempting, bent upon thus winning the favour of the stranger.

The German scouts, who were sent in advance to reconnoitre,

brought back strange intelligence to their comrades. "The natives have come out to welcome us," they said. At first the soldiers thought there was some mistake, that the Provincis must imagine it thought the army that was approaching; but as the life." have come out to welcome us," they said. At first the solliers thought there was some mistake, that the Provinois must imagine it was a French army that was approaching; but as the little troop rushed towards them, and, with conciliatory looks and gestures, entreated them to partake of the dainties provided, the truth dawned upon them; and although, of course, some of the Teutons shrugged their shoulders with contempt, the great majority accepted the peace-offerings with lively gratitude. Before the Prussian army peace-offerings with lively gratitude. Before the Prussian army peacehed Provins, a strange sight was seen—the little children of the reached Provins, a strange sight was seen—the little children of the conquered, foot-sore and weary with their long tramp, being carried conquered, foot-sore and weary with their long tramp, being carried conquered, "arme kinder," as he looked down into their tearstained faces.

Whilst slaughter and outrage were rife through the whole country-side, in Provins peace and brotherly love prevailed; from country-side, in Provins peace and brotherly love prevailed; from country-side, in Provins peace and they, on their part, never once treated as honoured guests; and they, on their part, never once treated as honoured guests; and they, on their part, never once treated towards their hosts in all the observances of gentle courtesy, failed towards their hosts in all the observances of gentle courtesy, failed towards their hosts in all the observances of gentle courtesy, failed towards their hosts in all the observances of gentle courtesy. The rest of the nation sneered, scowled, hurled ugly epithets at the head of the Provinois, who, however, to this day, chuckle the head of the Provinois, who, however, to this day, chuckle gently as they relate how they managed to escape the horrors of war.





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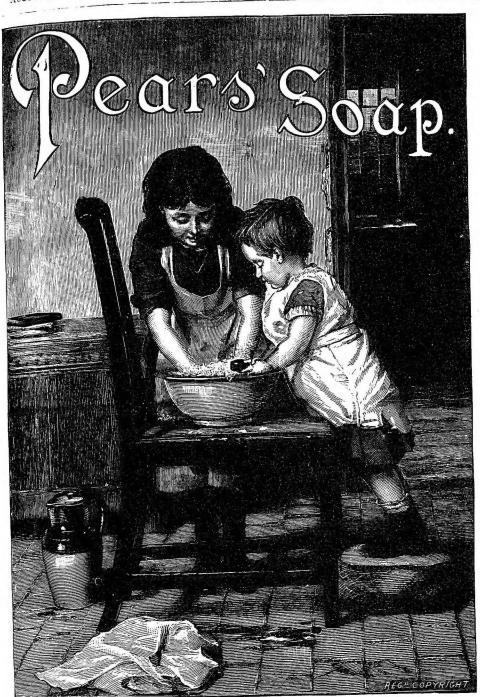
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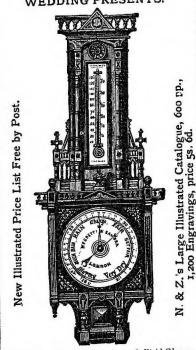
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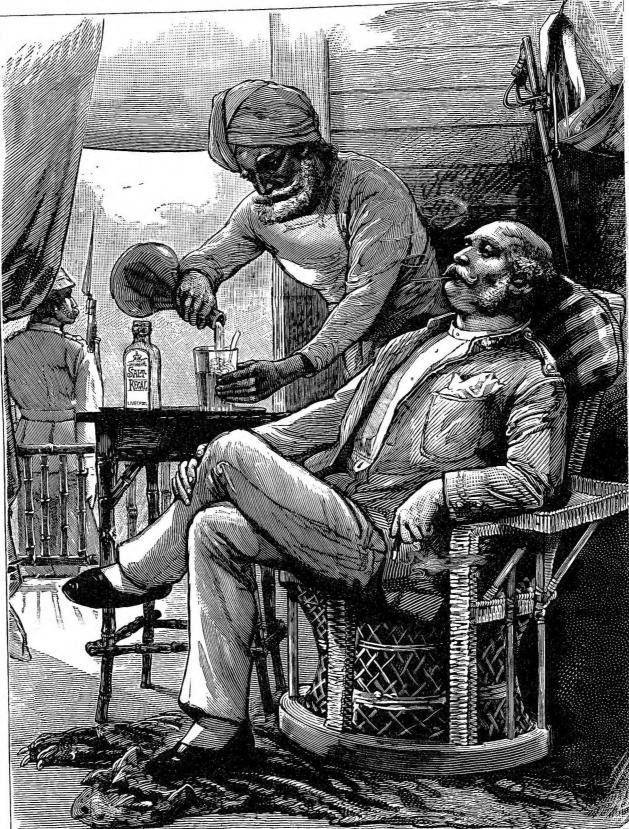
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